No. 302 (New Series), Vol. 6. January 1, 1938

The PASSING SHOW

2D.

ONE NIGHT OUT

a gay romance of Vienna's night-life

by Vicki BAUM

In boxes **15** for **6**[D] 30 for 1/-
In tins 30 for 1/- 60 for 2/-
PLAIN · CORK OR RED-TIPPED

For that leisured ¼ hour — De Reszke Majors 20 for 1/-

A welcome break during the painting of her portrait: Miss Polly Ward, the stage and screen star, pauses for a De Reszke Minor.

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand — made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. *And they last the full 10 minutes.*

De Reszke MINORS

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

SPECIALIST WHO CAN PUT AN END TO YOUR HAIR TROUBLE

HE PRESCRIBES AND DISPENSES—

Mr. Arthur J. Pye has practised for 20 years as a Consulting Hair Specialist in Blackpool. His clients include many Titled People. But his fees are so moderate as to be within the reach of all—and all can benefit by his skill to-day. For the same principles which have achieved almost unbelievable successes in his private practice have now been applied to a treatment which can be carried out in the home.

BALDNESS, ALOPECIA, FALLING HAIR, GREYNESS or any Other Hair or Scalp Disorder

The reason for my great success?

'I DIAGNOSE EACH CASE INDIVIDUALLY'

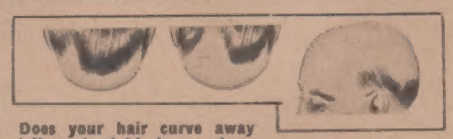
An interview with Mr. Arthur J. PYE, the Noted Consulting Hair Specialist

WHATEVER adversely affects the general health is liable to have an injurious effect on the Hair. Hair troubles, on the other hand, often cause so much anxiety and distress as to impair the general health and retard recovery.

Medical men, realising this, frequently send to me patients who are worried about their hair and scalp.

The fact that people do worry when their hair begins to fall out rapidly, or to lose its colour, suggests that hair and scalp troubles are not easily cured. Yet some of the astonishing cases I am able to record seem to point to the opposite conclusion.

—FOR CASES LIKE THESE



Does your hair curve away left and right in a sharp salient? If so, it is a sign of coming baldness, which often begins at the forehead, the hair gradually receding until the entire scalp is involved.

The crown of the head is one of the favourite points for the onset of baldness. If there is thinness there, this is a sign of coming baldness on no account to be neglected, for the first tiny patch will soon spread across the scalp in an ever-widening circle.

A DOCTOR writes

London.

The excellent results I have observed in a sequence of cases have led me to investigate your treatment more closely, and I am satisfied that the principles of your treatment are thoroughly sound and reliable.

The fact that you prepare your treatment especially for each case is one of the things which particularly recommend it. It is an undoubted fact that the hair roots usually remain alive beneath a bald scalp. Your treatment, by providing the required sugenance to the shafts, bulbs, papillæ and follicles, should, in the majority of such cases, bring about the effect desired.

L.R.C.P. & S., L.R.F.P. and S.G.

New Hair Grows on Bald Patch & Colour Returns to Grey Hair

About three months ago I started your treatment and I am delighted with the results. The bald patch on top of my head is all covered over.

My daughter, a hairdresser, is very surprised at the result of your treatment, she did not think my hair would grow again. It is a very nice colour. I am turned 50 years, and now have no grey hair.

G. FISHER (Mrs.)
13, Baronet Grove, Tottenham, N.17.
July 16, 1937.

Hair Improved Beyond All Belief

Since commencing your hair treatment some weeks back, I am very pleased to say my hair has improved beyond all belief, and I will only be too glad to recommend you to anyone who has any form of scalp trouble.

No one could have had a much worse head of hair at the age of 20 than I had, but it has completely yielded to your methods, and I wish you every success in the future.

Mr. D. W. FIELD.
128, Letchmore Road,
Stevenage, Herts. 15.3.37.

Three Patches Completely Covered With Thick Hair

After using your treatment for three months, I am writing to thank you for the splendid results. I had one large patch in front and two behind, which are now completely covered with thick hair, also the colour of my hair has improved. I shall certainly recommend it to all my friends. Wishing you every success in other cases.

G. DREWITT. (Mrs.)
24, Frederick Road, Gorleston-on-Sea.
August 17, 1937.

Grey Hair Regains Colour

Your treatment has greatly improved my hair and it is gradually regaining its colour. As the greyness was right in front of my head I must say that I am very pleased. It is also making my hair soft and shiny, and as it is wavy it has looked lovely every time I have washed it.

W. HASLAM. (Mrs.)
15, Fifth Ave., Forest Town,
Mansfield. 19.8.37.

INDIVIDUAL TREATMENT THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The truth is, success in hair treatment depends very much on its perfect adaptation to the particular type of hair or scalp trouble in evidence, and the causes which provoked it. For both symptoms and causes differ greatly.

The symptoms of two kinds of hair trouble often classed together may even be exactly opposite. For instance, there is both a greasy and dry form of Dandruff or Scurf. **Any attempt to cure both by one and the same method of treatment is foredoomed to failure at the outset.** Yet each of these types of scalp trouble is easily cured if skilled treatment is prescribed according to the nature of the individual case.

INTERNAL TREATMENT IS OFTEN NECESSARY

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

A — Shows a healthy follicle or Hair Sheath tightly gripping the hair by means of the saw-edge notches, which fit into each other.

B — Shows a weak and relaxed follicle allowing the hair to fall out.

Here is another fact about the hair that is surely plain enough for anyone to see, yet it is usually entirely overlooked. **The hair-growing or hair-colouring materials supplied from the blood may be deficient.** Now a deficiency of hair-growing or hair-colouring materials supplied from WITHIN cannot be made good by stimulation from WITHOUT.

While much may be accomplished, therefore, by EXTERNAL TREATMENT, in many cases INTERNAL TREATMENT is also necessary, in order that the hair roots may be able to derive from the blood the raw materials required to build those highly complicated structures, the human hair and its Follicles or Sheaths.

CAUSE OF FALLING HAIR

The disease known as Falling Hair is usually due to a weak and relaxed condition of these Follicles. A glance at Diagrams A and B will explain this. It will be seen that the hair and Follicle have saw-edge notches. Under healthy conditions of the scalp the two sets of notches interlock so tightly that a considerable tug is required to pull out the hair. When, however, the Follicles are weak and relaxed, the "teeth" of the Follicles no longer get a grip on the hairs, and out they fall at the slightest touch. The pressure of a hat, the soft caress of the brush, or even a shake of the head may suffice to bring out hairs by the dozen. It is easy to realise that **although the hair itself may be perfectly healthy,** weak and relaxed Follicles will cause such a loss of hair as soon to result in baldness.

If the hair itself is shrunken owing to lack of nourishment, then failure of the two sets of saw-edge notches to interlock may be due to the hair.

Treatment will differ in these two different types of cases. But in both, scientific treatment has achieved astonishing success.

The treatment I advise for weak and relaxed Follicles acts so quickly and surely that within seven or eight days Follicles that were gaping wide, giving no support whatever to the hair, are so tightened up that quite a vigorous pull is required to tear the hair from the scalp.

HEALTHY HAIR IMPRISONED BENEATH THE SCALP

Every hair is supplied with oil glands, the purpose of which is to lubricate the hair and keep it in good condition, supple, weather-resisting, and glossy. These glands are easily affected by tight-fitting headgear and microbic infection. The disease known as Dandruff or Scurf is a frequent result. As mentioned above, there is both a greasy and a dry form of Dandruff, and there is a form that is only indirectly due to the oil glands; it is caused by scaling off of the outer skin of the scalp. **But the great point to remember is that all forms of Dandruff tend to choke up the Follicles or hair sheaths out of which the growing hair emerges.**

Here, again, THE HAIR MAY BE PERFECTLY HEALTHY, **yet meeting a tight wad of scurf, blocking the exit from the Follicles, the hair is imprisoned there and lives its life unseen beneath the surface of the scalp.**

There is no more distressing form of hair trouble than Alopecia. It is characterised by the sudden coming off of the hair, leaving round, bald patches, which often spread at an alarming rate, joining up with one another, until in a short time the entire scalp is denuded of hair.

I have said enough to show that deterioration of the hair, loss of colour and baldness may be due to causes largely preventable and amenable to scientific treatment.

BALDNESS IS NOT INEVITABLE

Baldness, in fact, and loss of hair colour are neither hereditary nor a necessary consequence of advancing years. It is **natural** to have a good head of hair, of its original colour, throughout life, and I have proved in many striking cases that even when baldness and greyness are far advanced they will generally yield to suitable treatment.

Scientific treatment, on the lines I have indicated, removes the **causes** of hair and scalp troubles and allows Nature to assert herself. The outcome in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is the re-establishment of healthy hair growth and the restoration of the natural colour, texture, gloss and allure.

Mr. Pye offers to diagnose the hair and scalp troubles of readers of this paper entirely free of charge or obligation. He will also send readers a free copy of his informative book, "HOW TO END HAIR AND SCALP TROUBLES." All you are asked to do is to fill up the special Diagnosis Form provided and post it to Mr. Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, 2.

FREE DIAGNOSIS AND ADVICE

Fill in and Post this Form

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

Is Your Hair Falling Out? .....
Receding at Temples? .....
Is Hair Thin on Top? .....
Are You Bald on Top? .....
Going Grey? .....
Is Scalp Irritable? .....
Is Hair Coming Off, leaving Several Bald Patches (Alopecia)? .....
Are You Completely Bald? .....
What is Your Age? .....
Have You Dandruff? .....
Is Scalp Dry or Oily? .....
What Severe Illness? .....
How Long Ago? .....

To A. J. PYE, 5, Queen St., Blackpool, 2

Please send me your book, individual diagnosis of my case and personal advice, free and without obligation.

NAME.....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS.....

"Passing Show" 1-1-38 .....

EVER READY
ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS

MAKE LIGHT OF NIGHT RIDING

"Now the nights are dark and drear,
Fit Ever Ready—front and rear!"

Millions of cyclists all over the country now go night riding with daytime confidence, thanks to inexpensive Ever Ready Cycle Lamps. The 2/6d. headlamp floodlights the road so that you know "what you're up to"—the 1/6d. rear lamp makes certain that you're seen in time by overtaking traffic. With Ever Ready Batteries and Bulbs, running cost is only a halfpenny an hour—your most efficient insurance against accidents.

Above is No. 2036, which can be supplied in the following colours to match your machine: Black, Olive and Grass Green, Maroon, Royal and Turquoise Blue, Deep Red, and Ivory. Price **2/6**
Other models: No. 2535, 3/- No. 2636, 3/6. No. 2236, 4/-.

The Ever Ready Torpedo Models enable advantage to be taken of well-lighted roads, by operating a dimmer switch, so obtaining considerably longer service from the battery. Illustrated is Model No. 2437. Price **6/6**

Fit this ELECTRIC REAR LAMP—
A Great Safety Measure.

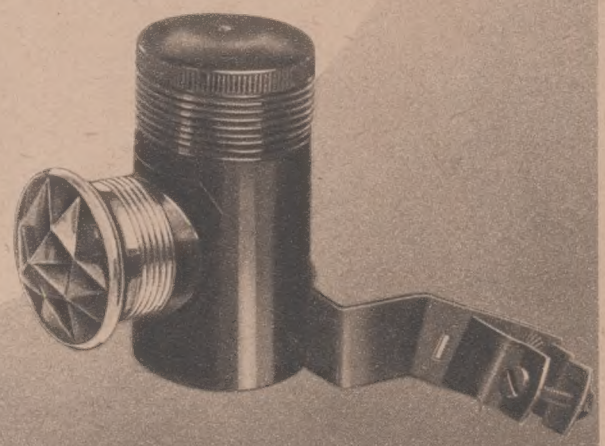
Fit this Ever Ready Electric Rear Light to your cycle and be certain of being seen on the darkest road from any position, at sufficient distance to ensure safety. The light is operated by screw adjustment of the top cap and the special bulb enables about 35 hours' light to be obtained from each refill cell.
No. 2338. Price **1/6**

A HANDY TORCH SPOTS IT *IN A FLASH!*

An Ever Ready Torch has a thousand uses. For finding paths and pillar boxes, for saving barked shins and lost tempers, there's nothing to equal a handy Ever Ready Electric Torch. It's the safest and most convenient portable light. It's there when you want it and where you want it. "I don't know where I should be without it," say lots of people about their Ever Ready Torches.

No. 1569 is one of the comprehensive range of Ever Ready Spotlight Torches and costs **4/6d.** Other models from **1/-.**

Obtainable from Cycle Shops, Garages, Ironmongers, Chemists, Electricians, Stores, etc. everywhere.



THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN), LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

The PASSING SHOW
No. 302. Vol. 6 JANUARY 1, 1938.

ONE NIGHT OUT

Celebrated author of "Grand Hotel" introduces a peasant girl who went through a lifetime of emotions from six till six in the gay whirl of Vienna

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

WHEN Anita heard the signal-bell ring three times, announcing the approach of the noon train, she set the flatiron back on the stove and ran into the living-room. She caught sight of her flushed face in the mirror, dived into the bedroom and dusted powder over the tip of her nose. Back to the kitchen. She took off her apron, threw the discarded flatiron an apologetic glance and ran to the door. There was no need for such haste. The signal sounded while the train was passing through Katte, and it didn't reach Thaya till twelve minutes after that. Anita slackened her pace as she stepped from the door to the platform, and walked with an absent-minded air towards her husband, who was just coming out of the office.

The stationmaster, in his red cap, fountain pen protruding from the breast pocket of his uniform coat, looked important.

"Well, child——" he said, as she swished past him.

Hurriedly Anita re-arranged the apples, the chocolate and the magazines on the little stand. The apples were beginning to wither, the chocolate was stale and the magazines out of date. Out of sheer boredom, however, a passenger would occasionally buy something.

The station lay among fields. Blue against the horizon rose the edge of the forest. The smell of woodsmoke and roasting potatoes drifted across for a moment, to lose itself among the wild grape-vines clambering over the station. The sunflowers were beginning to fade. Anita's heart was beating a little faster. The noon train was the one event in her life. Her heart always beat faster before the train came in. They had the Ostens to thank for the fact that the train stopped at Thaya instead of Katte. The Ostens had bought the woodland from the bankrupt Count Grunne, and built a paper factory. Their machines devoured trees and spat forth bales of paper. A private track ran from the factory to the station. The Ostens—incredibly rich and fashionable people—had worked things so that now the train stopped at this insignificant little town. One or another of the Ostens would sometimes get off the train which left Vienna at six in the morning, and stopped for two minutes at noon in Thaya. They would nod to Anita, greet the stationmaster, enter a car and drive off to the factory, which snorted back there at the forest's edge.

Anita had been born in Thaya and grown up in Thaya. She knew nothing of the world beyond the unpaved streets and old-fashioned people of this little town with its 8,000 inhabitants. Any other knowledge she possessed had been drawn from the magazines she offered for sale. What she longed for was the world of the Ostens—the great world where you played tennis, wore pretty clothes, squandered money and had all sorts of exciting adventures. But she knew, too, that dreams led nowhere, so she had married Karl Ammer, the stationmaster, a man of weight and official dignity—not a native of Thaya. He had, in fact, studied in Vienna. He was precise and punctual as the station clock, and, after his sober fashion, in love with his wife. He liked to talk politics, and was good at dominoes. Anita was fond of him.

Preceded by puffs of white steam, the train appeared at the big bend just beyond the station. It came roaring in at such a rate of speed that Anita's heart, as always, stood still for a moment, lest it should forget to stop. But it did stop, breathing heavily like an overstrained horse, and behind the windowpanes the blurred faces of the passengers appeared. The stationmaster walked the length of the train, and the engineer jumped from the locomotive and shook his legs in their sooty blue cotton trousers. Anita had taken her post behind the little stand, her nervous hands fussing with the apples. A few people trickled from the cars to the platform. They shook their legs too. A slender lady strode back and forth. In quick time, probably because she owed it to her figure to keep moving. Anita noted the dark grey travelling costume and the cone-shaped hat with its green feather, set audaciously over one eye. Thaya folk laughed at eccentricities like these, yet Anita found the lady anything but ludicrous. Gravely, she studied the details of the elegant figure. At church time to-morrow, she would try to tilt her own shabby little hat at the same dashing angle.

"Any beer?" asked a man, whose flushed and thirsty face proclaimed him a third-class passenger.

"No—I'm sorry," she was forced to reply. A grim, interminable battle for permission to sell beer was being waged between the stationmaster and the authorities. If only they could get the money for the licence, they could earn more money, buy clothes, a better radio. In her dreams, Anita always saw herself boarding this same train and riding away—dressed in dark grey, her hands

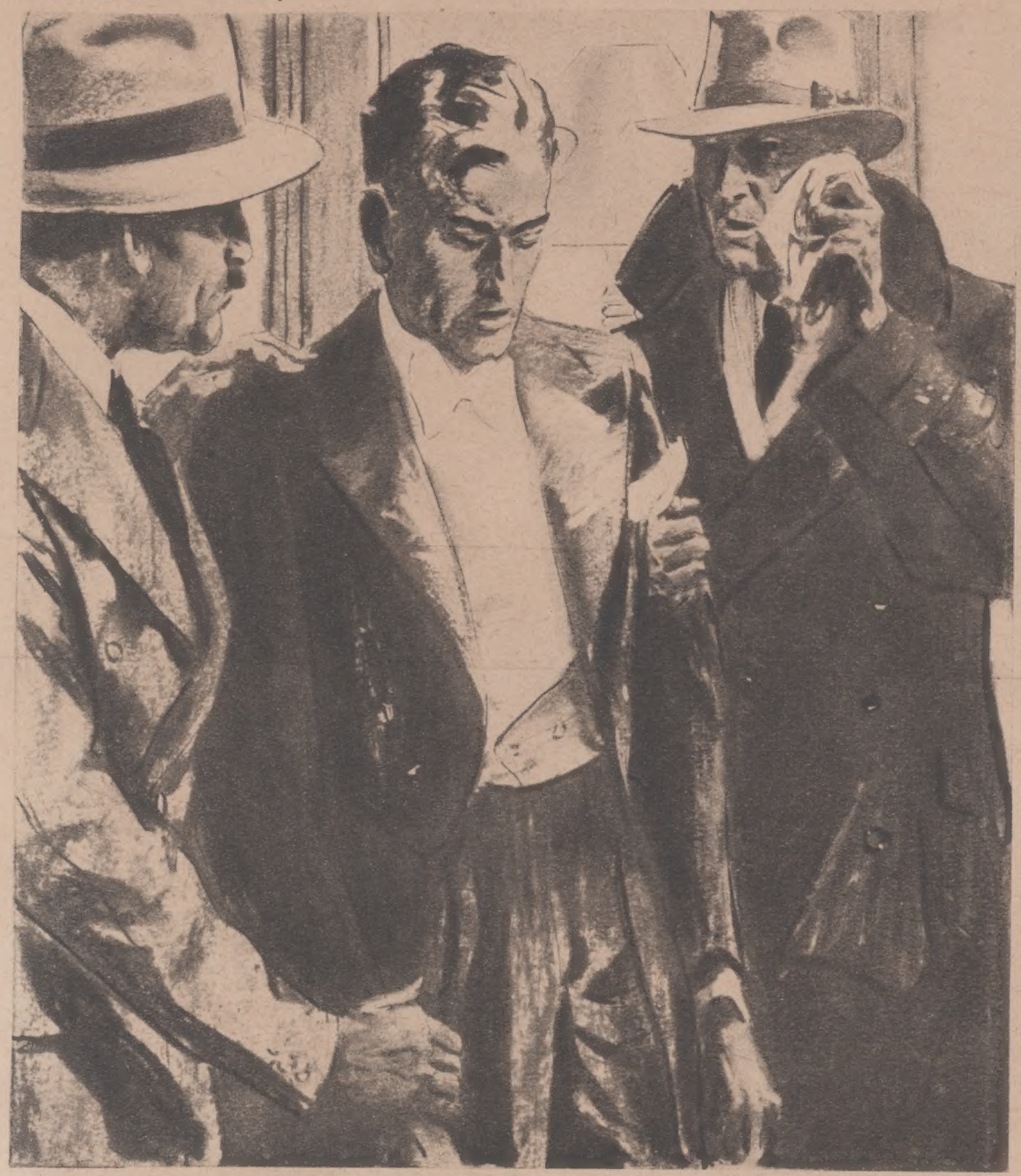
A thrill ran over her skin as the folds of the velvet slipped about her. Never had Anita felt anything like it

smartly gloved—everything bought with the money earned through the sale of beer, for which she couldn't afford a licence.

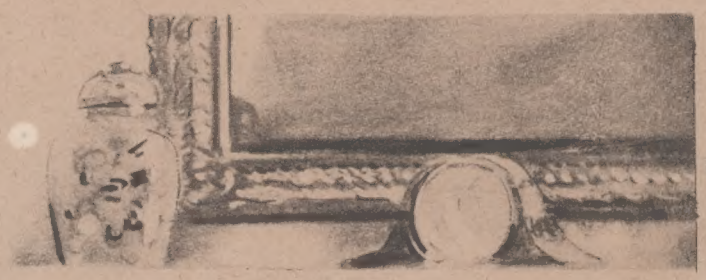
The man departed, his thirst unquenched. The lady's high heels clambered back into the train. The locomotive had been watered, the mailsacks tossed aboard. The engineer jumped to his cab, white steam started hissing promptly along its heavy wheels. Lips parted, Anita stood there, watching the cars glide by—slow, faster, faster. A man was looking from the window of a first-class compartment, his glance rested for a moment on her. It seemed to her that the glance carried a message. She smiled. The train wound round a curve and was gone. Nothing left but the smell—coalsteam and a hint of the fish served in the dining-car.

"Well, child——" said the stationmaster, pausing beside her for a moment. A couple of apples rolled to the ground, and she made haste to pick them up. Stationmasters don't stoop to help their wives.

(*please turn over*)



The two men returned, Keith held fast between them



Continuing One Night Out

The train whistled, as it passed through the tunnel behind the woods.

No one could have dreamed that the station-master would be so upset when Anita started on her trip to Vienna. She herself was amazed. On duty though he was, he clambered back into her compartment and embraced her again, as if they were being parted for ever. The train was dispatched a minute late. Anita's head buzzed with the thousand warnings and admonitions he had been drumming into her head ever since the arrival of the letter. A great-aunt, who had been only a legend in Anita's family, had died; and Frau Anita Ammer, through an all but unintelligible note from the executor, had been asked to come to Vienna for the funeral service, and to take over a small legacy. Not much time to think things over. No time at all for the stationmaster to apply for leave, that he might accompany his wife. So now she was on her way, alone, with that familiar beat of expectancy in her breast. The whistle blew, the train roared past the midnight-black wall of the forest and slid into the tunnel. Back there somewhere lay Thaya.

Anita stood at the window for a while, then sat down and folded her hands. She was travelling first-class, because she had a pass. Her sleeves cut under the armpits, for she'd had her only suit dyed black, and it had shrunk in the process. She was wearing black cotton gloves threadbare at the fingertips. She was carrying a bag of imitation leather, and she didn't know what to do with the huge wreath she'd brought along, which was already beginning to fade and smell of over-ripe carnations. But the brim of her hat was turned up, and flaunted a red feather at the side like a challenging little flag.

"Going to Vienna, too?" asked a gentleman, who had been eyeing her for some little time.

"Yes, Herr Osten," she answered like a docile child. To make the adventure still more thrilling, young Herr Osten was travelling on the same train. She flashed him a glance, and looked down at her hands again.

"Shall we see if there's anything left to drink in the dining-car?" he asked.

"If you like," she said courteously. He was a little shorter than Ammer. His hair looked thin, though he was still a young man.

"Cigarette?" he said, and proffered his case.

"Thank you," she said and took one, though she had never smoked before. He guided her through the swaying corridors of the train. Thaya was already far away. Anita thought for a moment of her husband, who must be getting back into bed by now. Through the clatter of the wheel she could hear the creaking of the mattress. Her suit was far too tight and too short. She was conscious of it with every move she made.

They were just closing the dining-car. Young Herr Osten muttered an oath or two. "Nothing left but to crawl into bed," he said, as they reached the sleepers. "Can you sleep in the train?"

"No," said Anita.

"Neither can I," said Herr Osten. "Well—good-night, anyway," he said, and disappeared through the narrow door of his compartment.

"How goes it, young lady?" asked the conductor who, of course, knew her.

"I'm going to my aunt's funeral," she said. "She left me some money."

The conductor saluted respectfully. "I'm sorry," he murmured. Anita made her way through the jolting train back to her own compartment. She peered out of the window and up into the sky. It was a clear night in November. It seemed to her that, even at this short distance from Thaya, the stars had a different look. Twice the wreath was jarred out of the baggage net. Two men slept open-mouthed, in the corner. Anita leaned her head on her hand and, though she did fall asleep, she felt as if she'd been wide awake all night.

Anita smiled as she raised her head. "What's for supper?" asked Herr Ammer.

"I don't know yet," she said. It was pure caprice. She knew perfectly well it was goulash and potatoes.

"Back to work," said the stationmaster, drawing off his coat as he stepped into the office. Anita's gaze followed the tracks for a moment, restless, questioning. Then she returned to her flatiron.

At 8.32, just after they'd finished supper, the last freight train was dispatched. Then came a respite till midnight. Anita washed the dishes, read the advertisements for Thaya and vicinity, sighed without knowing she sighed, and went into the bedroom. At night you could hear the distant pounding of machines in the papermill. Anita stood at the window for a few minutes, waiting for something—what, she didn't know. She sometimes wondered at herself. Everything went by clockwork in the stationmaster's house, and the restlessness beating somewhere between her ribs had neither cause nor object. Ammer entered in his shirtsleeves, and closed the window after his wife was in bed. He set the alarm clock, yawned and started taking off his shoes.

"Twenty-six telegrams in one day," he said, not without pride. Thaya's expansion since the coming of the paper factory filled him with content.

"Not really," said Anita politely. It was too late now to feign sleep, as she sometimes did. Karl took his place in the bed beside her. The mattress creaked a little, as he settled himself.

"We can put up the cucumbers next week," she said idly. Karl turned out the light, and in the darkness she could see the glowing tip of his cigarette. She loved that. It seemed to her remarkable that her husband should smoke in bed.

"Did you take my shoes to be fixed?" he asked lazily. She didn't answer, for he knew she had. He ground out the cigarette on the night table, turned and took her into his arms. "Schirmer says you get prettier every day," he murmured. Schirmer was the engineer on the noon train.

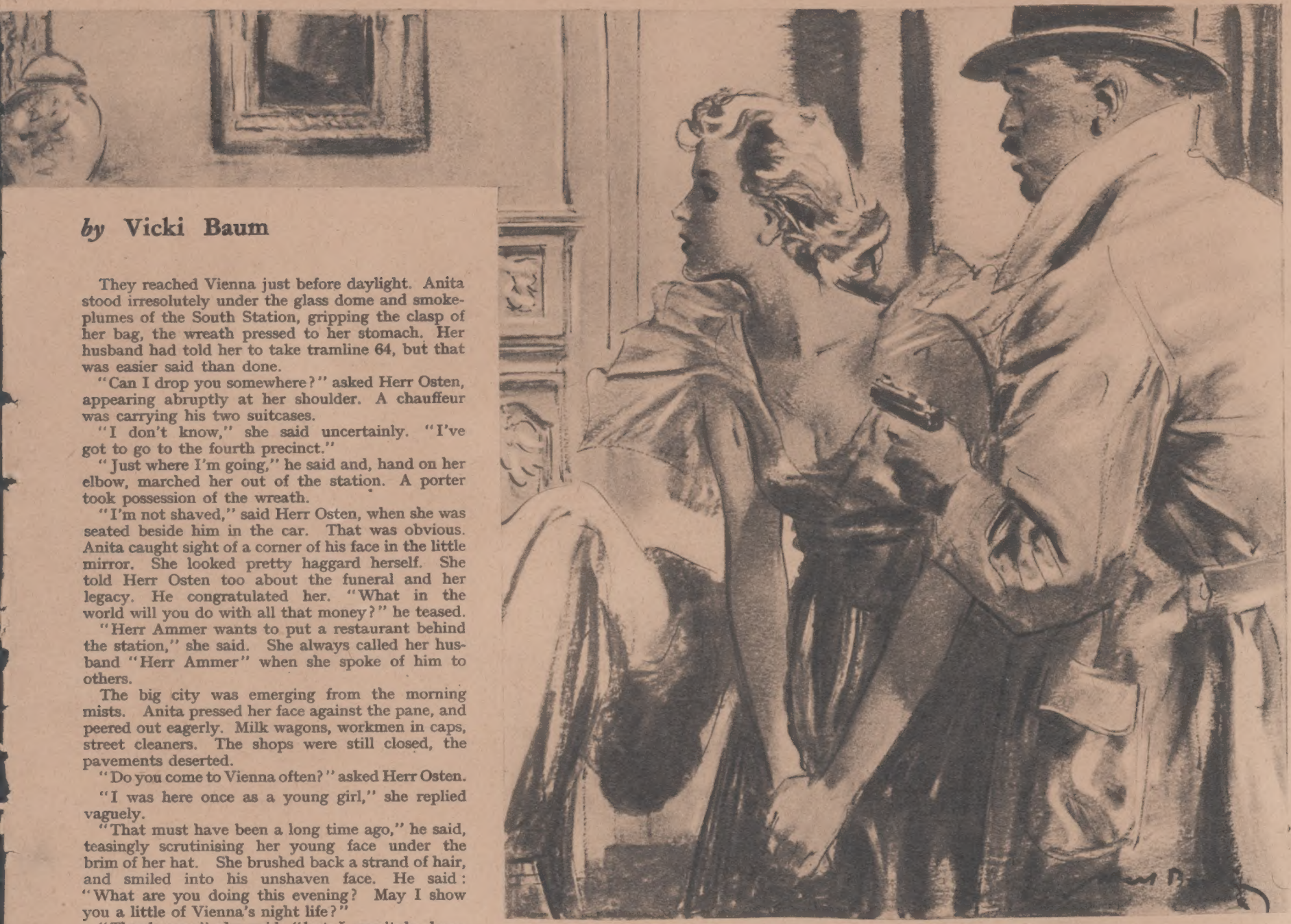
"What does Schirmer know about it?" she said, smiling in the darkness.

"Not so much as I do," replied her husband, and the pressure of his arms tightened.

The alarm clock went off at 11.40. Anita was still half awake, but the stationmaster, groaning and coughing, had to drag himself up from slumber as from the depths of a pit. Eyes closed, he turned on the light, struck a match for his cigarette, slipped into his uniform and crept out. The signal-bell rang a few minutes later. The midnight train was approaching Thaya on its way to Vienna. Anita sat up in bed. She could get a view of the tracks from there. She loved the midnight, even better than the noon, train. It approached with huge blazing eyes, its windows alight. The little house creaked and vibrated. Mysterious people still sat in the dining-cars, drinking out of tall glasses. The dark compartments of the sleeping-cars sheltered lovers. Anita often thought of those unknown lovers, tearing through the world in a railway train.

Every night at 12 she would get up and make her way to the window. The Ammers' bedroom was hot in the summertime, and great, bloodthirsty mosquitoes hummed about outside. On winter nights she would shiver and wrap herself swiftly in the quilt. A traveller, who would be nothing more than a silhouette to her, might see her standing thus as the train rolled on—a young woman, the slender contour of her shoulders and her crossed arms dark against the lamplight in the little house at the station. She would lean from the window, and watch the train till it had disappeared round the last curve in the tracks.

The stationmaster would return. "Who opened the window?" he would grumble. Hearing the silly question, Anita would pretend to be asleep. He would go to the window and bang it down.



A man took up his place beside her, his revolver at her breast

by Vicki Baum

They reached Vienna just before daylight. Anita stood irresolutely under the glass dome and smoke-plumes of the South Station, gripping the clasp of her bag, the wreath pressed to her stomach. Her husband had told her to take tramline 64, but that was easier said than done.

"Can I drop you somewhere?" asked Herr Osten, appearing abruptly at her shoulder. A chauffeur was carrying his two suitcases.

"I don't know," she said uncertainly. "I've got to go to the fourth precinct."

"Just where I'm going," he said and, hand on her elbow, marched her out of the station. A porter took possession of the wreath.

"I'm not shaved," said Herr Osten, when she was seated beside him in the car. That was obvious. Anita caught sight of a corner of his face in the little mirror. She looked pretty haggard herself. She told Herr Osten too about the funeral and her legacy. He congratulated her. "What in the world will you do with all that money?" he teased.

"Herr Ammer wants to put a restaurant behind the station," she said. She always called her husband "Herr Ammer" when she spoke of him to others.

The big city was emerging from the morning mists. Anita pressed her face against the pane, and peered out eagerly. Milk wagons, workmen in caps, street cleaners. The shops were still closed, the pavements deserted.

"Do you come to Vienna often?" asked Herr Osten.

"I was here once as a young girl," she replied vaguely.

"That must have been a long time ago," he said, teasingly scrutinising her young face under the brim of her hat. She brushed back a strand of hair, and smiled into his unshaven face. He said: "What are you doing this evening? May I show you a little of Vienna's night life?"

"Thank you," she said, "but I won't be here. I'm taking the 6 o'clock back to-night!"

"That's too bad," said Herr Osten. "We might have had a pleasant little evening together."

"Yes," said Anita mournfully, "it *would* have been nice."

"Here we are," said Herr Osten, as the car stopped. Anita thanked him. She was a little worn with lack of sleep, and very much embarrassed. She reached for her bag and wreath. Herr Osten held her hand rather tight before she got out. He followed her from the car, and removed his hat. It was a lovely, courteous gesture, even though his hair was too thin.

"Maybe you'll change your mind," he said. "I'll give you my 'phone number," and tucked a visiting card into her hand. Anita looked after the car, looked up at the house, and went in. "I must tell Herr Ammer how polite Herr Osten was to me," she thought.

The relatives upstairs, who looked and talked exactly like the people in Thaya. The coffin, the smell of tuberoses and stearin candles. The procession of black, rented cars to the cemetery outside the city. It was drizzling, and behind the drizzle a pale sun waited. The preacher's pulsating but hurried speech. Anita threw a spadeful of earth into the grave, when her turn came. The news of the legacy had struck her like a blow over the head. She was still stupefied by it. She didn't really wake up till the relatives were all gathered together in the sullen atmosphere of the attorney's office. A monotonous voice read the will aloud. The air was thick with an envy that grew wellnigh poisonous. Anita's name was one of the last to be mentioned. It gave her the same sensation as when the train roared into Thaya, as if it were going to forget to stop. Nor did she quite understand how much she'd been left.

"Eight hundred shillings—nice lump of money," whispered the woman sitting beside her. She was some sort of cousin—a heavy woman in a mourning veil. The red feather had long since vanished from Anita's hat, and she sat submissively on the edge of her chair in her tight black suit. The eight hundred shillings whirled round in her head. Not enough to start a restaurant. Her mother had given her a dowry of a thousand, which was deposited in the Thaya savings bank. The stationmaster might have married a richer girl. Anita felt rather grateful to him for having chosen her—a little conscience-stricken, and as though she were under an obligation to him. Her name was called, she pushed her way in among the others at a table and signed something. The lawyer thrust a slip into her hand.

"I thought I was going to get some money," she murmured.

"The bank will cash the cheque," she was told.

The cousin in the mourning veil pushed her out. "If we hurry," she said feverishly, "the bank will still be open." Anita marvelled. They didn't pay you with cheques in Thaya.

Shortly before three Anita was standing on the street, free till the train left at six. "So," she thought, "this is the big city." Streets, shops, show windows, cars, buses, people, people, people. Anita let the current sweep her along. The red banner was floating from her hat again. "Good heavens!" she thought, "that such things should be!" She stared at the women who were well dressed, and felt her own dyed suit growing smaller and tighter on her body. "What could Herr Osten have thought?" she wondered. Some of the window displays were so magnificent that she stood, lost to the world, in front of them, trying to impress every detail on her memory. "The magazines don't really give you any idea of what it's like—it's all much grander and more up-to-date and elegant." Anita reached the corner of Kaerntnerstrasse—the lights in the windows were beginning to blaze. The windows weren't so crowded here, and she knew at once what that meant —"Quality, not quantity," she had read in one of the magazines.

And so, a little tired and feverish with excitement, lips parted and hands chilled, she came to the window that held the blue dress. A long dress with a long cape—the only thing on display. A colour unknown in Thaya, a line straight out of a dream. Anita stared at the dress, went on, returned. Her heart pounded violently; she wanted that dress as she'd never wanted anything in all her life. Her throat grew dry with emotion. She went away and came back. She stared at the dress again, adjusted her hat and went in.

Everything in this shop was soft—the saleswomen, the carpets, the lights. "I'd like to see the dress in the window," said Anita in a pinched voice. She was asked to sit down. She sat there as though she were sitting on a stage, and quivered with nervousness. A few moments later a blonde creature floated in, wearing the dress. She swayed this way and that, like a flower on its stalk, took the cape off, displayed a slender bare back, put the cape on again, nestled her face into the fur of the collar.

"I'd like to try it on myself," said Anita jealously. "I'm travelling. My trunks haven't come yet," she added hastily, as she caught the saleswoman's glance, an appraising, disdainful glance.

"Of course," said the saleswoman.

In the dressing-room Anita broke from her own clothes as though she were breaking out of a cell. A thrill ran over her skin, as the folds of the velvet slipped about her. In front of a mirror, the two girls who were waiting on her came to life.

"How lovely Madame looks!" they cried, full of admiration.

Anita couldn't realise what had happened to her. "Can clothes do a thing like this?" she thought, aghast. She was another woman. "Lord," she thought. "Is this me?" Had she always had this silverblonde hair, this mouth, this line from hip to knee? "A perfect figure—like a mannequin's," murmured the saleswoman. "The gown looks as

Continuing One Night Out

by Vicki Baum

though it had been made for Madame." Never, never had Anita felt anything like it—such bliss, such fulfilment, such intoxication. "This is me," she kept thinking, "me, me, me."

"How much is it?" she asked, knowing before she spoke that she must have this dress.

"Four hundred shillings," said the saleswoman.

Anita stood shattered in front of the mirror, trying not to weep. She hadn't wept at the cemetery, to her regret. Now she was brimming with tears, like sunflowers after the rain. The 800 shillings burned in her big old handbag. It was the wrong moment to think of Karl, but there he was, waving after the train as it pulled out. Thaya. Eight hundred shillings. The station restaurant. Or, at any rate, the beer licence.

"I'll have to think it over,"she said, and with hasty nervous fingers began peeling off the dress. The saleswomen protested.

"Madame," they carolled, "will never look so beautiful in any other gown."

"I know, I know," thought Anita. She fingered the material again, before she let it go. "If I could have a child at least——" she thought unexpectedly, as she released the warm, silken, delicate, vibrant fabric. She escaped to the street. It was traintime.

Now she was swimming against the human stream towards the Ringstrasse. She wanted to get to tramline 64, but obstacles numerous as those in a nightmare beset her path. Finally, a church clock began striking, and Anita's glance went like a hunted thing to the clock at the street crossing. It was a quarter to six. She beckoned a taxi. "If you get to the South Station by six," she said, "I'll give you a good tip." The driver started off like a madman. She was surprised at herself. Her only previous acquaintance with remarks of that kind had been in stories. Since she'd seen herself in the dress, they seemed to sound quite natural on her own lips.

As she entered the station, she knew that she was too late.

The train was just leaving amid a hissing of white steam. The tail lights, illuminating the number of the last car, disappeared. Anita knew them by heart: 589. The train was a last friend, abandoning her—her last acquaintance in the whole, huge alien city. Six at night in Vienna. Now all the lights were ablaze, and Anita stood alone in the street, with 800 shillings in her pocket.

The first thing she did—unhesitatingly, unreflectingly—was to ride back to Kaerntnerstrasse. Many of the shops were already closing, and Anita prayed to God that her shop might still be open. God, so often deaf to sensible prayers, effected a compromise. They were spreading white cloths over the counters when Anita made her breathless appearance and huskily implored them, despite the lateness of the hour, to sell her the dress. They smiled because she refused to have it sent but insisted on wearing it. When they caught sight of the 400 shillings in cash, they grew positively honeyed. Zealously they plucked at folds and burst into little cries of admiration. With the touch of a connoisseur, the elder one drew Anita's hair back from her forehead. Narrow, softly hollowed temples appeared, and the eyes looked larger. "Madame should wear her hair like Ravana's," said the other. Ravana was a great actress, Anita had seen her in the movies. Before she knew it, she was moving like Ravana. She was aware of herself, aware of every inch of herself. In her hands, in her throat, in her knees little hearts were beating all over her now. The saleswomen had been seized by a frenzy of selling fever. A silver net over the hair, gloves over the hands that spoke of cooking and flatirons. Silver shoes, silk stockings, a silver evening bag. Cinderella stood under the tree that rained down silver garments upon her.

"Where shall we send the old dress?" asked the saleswoman.

"I'll take it along," said Anita, abashed. They were tactfully silent. A grey cardboard box was handed to her. Thaya lay buried inside—the railway station and her marriage. As Anita went out into the street, she was treading on silver clouds. Men seemed to be standing like fence-palings on either side of the pavement. She walked irresolutely to the corner and entered a drugstore.

"I feel dizzy," she said. The young clerk stared at her, and gave her water and a tablet. "I know," thought Anita, "I'm very beautiful" and returned his smile. "I'd like to 'phone," she said.

Herr Osten was at home. "Who is it? Who?" cried into the telephone.

"Me—Anita," she said. She suddenly found it impossible to call herself Frau Ammer.

"From Thaya?" asked the 'phone.

"Yes," she whispered, almost wondering. "You wanted to show me Vienna."

"Splendid—what would you like to see?" asked Herr Osten, after a second's hesitation.

Anita recalled his unshaven cheeks, his sparse hair. "Everything," she said, almost haughtily.

"Good Lord!" said the telephone. "Where are you staying?"

"Grand Hotel," she replied. The lie slipped out effortlessly.

"All right," said Herr Osten. "I'll meet you in the lobby."

"Good-night," said Anita to the clerk.

"Good-night," said the clerk, and stared after her as she vanished through the door.

During the half-hour of her wait for Herr Osten, Anita grew used to creating a sensation. She sat in the lobby of the great hotel, she appraised and was appraised by other women. She was prettier than most, and none of the others wore a gown to compare with hers. A page bowed before her, and handed her a note. It was written in English, and she couldn't read it. It came from a blonde gentleman, seated in a chair, who smiled at her hopefully. Anita crossed the lobby, her blue train trailing, and sat down in a corner where the Englishman couldn't see her. If she hadn't been wearing the new gown, she would have been very tired. She hadn't slept in a hundred hours—she'd left Thaya a thousand years ago.

Herr Osten didn't recognise her at once. He gasped for air with the astounded expression of a young whitefish. "I'd never have known you," he kept saying. "I'd never have known you." Compared with the other men in the lobby, he looked secondrate. Anita smiled pityingly, remembering how she had been awed by his elegance when he stepped from the train at Thaya.

"May I have a cigarette?" she asked. Her nerves prickled.

"We'll make a night of it," promised Herr Osten. Since Anita's metamorphosis, he had turned fidgety and eager. He thrust his arm under her cape. She shrank from the warm touch. "First to the Katharina Bar," said Herr Osten.

The bar. The theatre. The intermission. The lights, the people, the commotion, the drinks, the compliments. With a possessive air, Herr Osten introduced to her a thousand friends. The tempo of the play was too rapid, she couldn't understand the jokes that flew thick and fast. When the audience laughed, her lips parted in a smile of surprise that soon froze to her mouth.

There were four gentlemen in the party at the restaurant after dinner. Two of them wore dinner jackets. "I'm drunk," said Anita before long. She scrutinised the gentlemen. She liked none of them, but they all impressed her. One was young, an artist—the others called him Raff. He had long, white, moist hands and scratched things on the tablecloth with his nails. He said absurd things to Anita. One was old and importunate, and looked rich. Anita dreaded the moment when she would have to remove her gloves, and reveal her kitchen-hands.

"What do you see in Osten, anyway?" asked the rich old man. His glasses dangled from a black ribbon. Raff looked at Anita's hands. She tried to hide the close-clipped nails. He smiled derisively. "Watch," he whispered to her, and scratched rapidly on the tablecloth. "You drive me crazy," read Anita, before the faint tracery vanished. She lifted her glass and drank. They all thought she was Osten's mistress, and she let them think so.

"Almost midnight," said one. For a second she was back in the little house at the station. She was standing, shivering, at the window, and the train was pulling in.

"I'd like to dance," she said.

"At the Black and White Club," said Herr Osten.

They were in the car again. Someone's hand was on her knee, and she let it stay there.

The walls of the rest-room in the club were all black mirrors. Anita used the powder and lipstick she found there. Two girls were talking in toneless voices, while they renewed their make-up.

"He's not really himself till he gets drunk," said the redhead.

"He's not my type," replied the other, and they went out. You could hear the music, even in there.

"I look like a ghost," thought Anita, eyeing herself in the black mirror.

The rich old man was waiting for her at the door marked *Ladies*. "You shouldn't bother with Osten," he said hurriedly. "He hasn't enough to offer you."

"You're not my type," Anita heard her voice saying. Marvelling at herself she preceded him into the ballroom. It was almost dark in there. The ceiling was painted with gay and wanton figures, that hung above the tumult of the dancers. Anita glanced at the young painter, whom she liked better than the others.

"Sorry," he said, in reply to her glance, "I don't dance."

"But I do," said the fourth man, whom up to now she had barely noticed. The dance floor was so crowded that they could only inch their way about. The man said: "Listen—don't believe what any of this riffraff tells you. They're all married. Whatever they promise you, don't take it seriously. I'm telling you this, because you look decent."

"Why, what do you take me for?" asked Anita. "Are you married too?" she asked, when her partner didn't answer.

"Yes," he said defiantly. "And happily married too. I don't need any pity on that score."

"So am I happily married," said Anita. It sounded to her like a lie.

"We're going upstairs," said Herr Osten, when they returned to the table.

"Not I," said Anita vehemently. She was suddenly bored with the whole business. There she stood in her wonderful dress, surrounded by strange men, and felt unutterably weary. "What am I doing here?" she thought in dismay. "Where am I, anyway?"

"You've got to bring me luck," said Herr Osten, and guided her up a narrow staircase.

They were gambling at three roulette tables up there. It was like a scene in the movies. Ravana had met Gary Cooper at a table like this. Anita drew her gloves on again, and sat down.

"We'll be partners," said the rich old man, and placed the chips as she indicated. The others stood behind her. The little ball raced round in a frenzy, then there was a burst of laughter. Chips were moving towards her with a hollow click.

"I've won," she said in amazement.

It was long since she had been really conscious of what she was doing. The sense of unreality had begun with the receipt of the letter. The ride through the night, her arrival, the funeral, the reading of the will, the train she had missed, the midnight-blue gown—it was all like something she'd read in a book or dreamed in a dream. It was like the prelude to something far more significant. Weariness, feverish excitement, dread, the strange city, the music—they were all blended in a weird, whirling intoxication. The chips grew into little piles before her. For moments at a time she was lost to consciousness. For moments at a time she was an actress—Ravana playing in a dangerous film.

That was when she saw the man. Her hand brushed his as she placed her chips on the red, and she was aware of the fleeting touch, alive and cool. She looked up and into the face of a man, whose eyes were fixed on her, almost questioningly. The face seemed so familiar that she was profoundly startled. Maybe he was a movie actor. Or a magazine cover. He smiled faintly, and arranged his chips on the table without looking at them.

"Strange that we should meet here again, isn't it?" he said. Anita felt a thrill run down her spine, sweet and terrifying.

"I've just been trying to remember where I saw you," she said with complete composure.

"I'll tell you," said the stranger. The croupier drew in his stake, and pushed Anita's winnings towards her. The man's eyes were still turned away from the table.

The croupier called for the plays. "I'm tired," said Anita, and made her way through the throng of men standing behind her chair.

"We'll just go to the bar for a moment," said the man lightly, took her arm and led her down the stairs. "My name's Keith," he said.

You could hear the dance music in the bar too.

(*please turn to page* 28)

SHORT SHORT STORY

to show that if you are a wise wife there are more ways than one of getting your own way

NO NONSENSE NANCY

BY J. P. LOUGHNAN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

GEORGE MOWBRAY spoke from the depth of his armchair by the club fire.

"I don't hold with all this modern nonsense about women. A wife's job is to obey her husband."

Little Tommy Weaver addressed the big man, with a nervous giggle :

"Isn't that kind of thing a bit out of date?"

M'Coll, a bachelor, added :

"I think the shoe's on the other foot nowadays. The modern husband's job is to obey his wife."

George, ignoring the mere bachelor, threw a contemptuous glance at little Weaver.

"Of course, no self-respecting woman would obey you," he observed. "I'm different."

"Do you mean that your missus always does what you tell her?" I ventured.

"Certainly!" boomed George, turning his broad red face on me. "I stand no nonsense from Nancy."

"Does she obey you all the time?" I persisted sceptically.

"Of course she does," he snapped. "Her life wouldn't be worth living otherwise. I'm the old-fashioned, he-man husband, make no mistake about that, the sort of chap a wife can admire and respect. That's why Nancy and I are so happy."

I had never met Mrs. Mowbray; now a keen desire to do so assailed me. I could not imagine any intelligent woman consenting blindly to obey a conceited oaf like George; so I said innocently :

"I'm sure your wife is a charming and remarkable girl; but—well——"

He rose to the bait like a hungry trout.

"You don't believe she does what I tell her?"

"It's difficult," I confessed.

"Very well," he blustered, "let's see if you've got the courage of your convictions. Are you willing to make a bet about it?"

"Yes," I agreed, "let's have a little wager for the fun of the thing."

"Right!" snapped George. "Now let me see—I know! Let's go home at once and discover what Nancy's planned for this afternoon. Then I'll suggest something different and I bet you five pounds she'll do as she's told. Are you on?"

"Yes."

Nancy was petite and blonde, with appealing big blue eyes. Far too good for George, I decided, and sweet enough not to stick up for herself. It looked as though I were bound to lose the bet; my consolation would be the pleasure of having met Nancy. She greeted him prettily.

"I'm so glad you've turned up, Georgie. I want you to come with me to the Scrutton-Gaythorpes' party."

"Nothing doing," he rasped.

Her lovely little face clouded, I feared she might be going to cry; but no, with a plucky effort she managed to keep smiling. All the same, her lip quivered as she said appealingly :

"Don't tell me you want to go to the Farringdons' cocktail party!"

He slapped his hands together, exclaimed breezily :

"That's just where I am going, so are you, so is old Jack here, they'll be delighted to see him."

For a few moments she looked plaintively into the fire, like a child who tries to remember some difficult nursery rule; then she looked up and said just above her breath :

"Very well, dear, if you really want to go there."

"I insist on going. All three of us are going."

I fought down an almost irresistible impulse to punch his fat head. She nodded meekly and went off to dress.

Nancy showed not a sign of the sulks when we reached the party. Later, I saw her sitting on a chesterfield in conversation with a pretty dark girl. I edged my way in her direction, hoping for the chance of a *tête-à-tête* should her companion move away. I placed myself a little behind the chesterfield, ready to pounce on the desired seat at the first opportunity. They were talking quietly, but Nancy spoke with such delightful distinctness that I could hear every word she said.

" . . . I didn't expect George home this afternoon, so a little tact was necessary. I suggested going to the Scrutton-Gaythorpes'." She uttered a delicious little laugh, in which her friend joined, and went on gaily :

"That was turned down, of course! But when I implored him to keep away from the Farringdons, naturally he said we must come here."

"Is he always so contrary?"

"Always, darling. George is early-Victorian, a regular caveman husband, you know."

"And you allow him to bully you?"

"Don't be silly! If I'd wanted to go to the Scrutton-Gaythorpes' I'd have suggested coming to the Farringdons'. George is easily managed; whatever I suggest he contradicts, so I always suggest something I don't want to do. See?"

"And he thinks he's getting his own way all the time."

"Exactly, but we know better."

"Do you want to get home early?"

"Certainly not, that's why I'm going to suggest it."

Another low laugh, then she stood up and saw me.

"Let's go and find George," she invited and off we went.

We found him happily consuming a bronx; Nancy said on a plaintive note :

"I think we ought to be home by five."

He puffed out his cheeks, shot me a quick glance, exclaimed pompously :

"Certainly not; we're going to stay here till six."

Nancy shrugged and sighed.

"As you like, dear."

When she had gone he observed, with an irritating grin :

"I think you owe me a fiver, old bird. What?"

Well, I wasn't going to give Nancy away, so a fiver changed hands.

"You have a wonderful wife," I said.

"I'm a wonderful husband," quoth George.

Then, to my surprise, I ran into little Tommy Weaver accompanied by a large lady who turned out to be his wife. Tommy introduced us and then drifted towards the cocktails.

"I suppose you know every one here," I suggested conversationally.

Mrs. Weaver bent a disapproving eye on me, answered frigidly :

"I do not know every one here, nor do I want to. I disapprove of cocktails and the people who consume them. Some friends of ours named Scrutton-Gaythorpe are giving a party this afternoon which I particularly wanted to attend."

"Then why didn't you go there?" I inquired inquisitively.

Big Mrs. Weaver shrugged her massive shoulders, replied on a note of resignation :

"We didn't go to the Scrutton-Gaythorpes' because Thomas wished to come here. He is so masterful; when he says a thing he means it; if I didn't agree life would not be worth living. Do you know I believe that very often a little man is the most difficult to manage."

Scribes recited the Koran again while the faithful came one by one and sprinkled earth into the grave

PATRON SAINT OF LIARS

Among the Moors in the shadow of the Atlas mountains, a venerable elder lay dying and from far and wide there came pilgrims who hoped to gain grace in the eyes of Allah by helping at his burial. Read this last article in a series of the world's strangest rituals by

GORDON COOPER

THERE are more saints in Morocco than ever there were in Ireland, and miracles are performed there every day.

Saintliness is like wealth in Morocco. There are two categories of saints, those who are born with saintliness—these are the aristocrats—and those who acquire it—*the nouveaux saints*. I have met several saints.

I had one friend who could change himself at will into a sheep, a lion, or even a woman. I never saw him actually doing it, as he attached great modesty to the way it was done.

I offered him a fortune if only he would let me make a film at such a moment, but nothing could induce him to put his powers to such a commercial purpose. That is not, however, why cameras are discouraged in Morocco. My own Leica got into the hands of a very violent saint, who could perform quite different miracles.

Mulai Abdlqader, Sultan of all Saints, lay dying. He was one of the most popular of all saints, dispensing his patronage far and wide among all manner and kinds of people. Particularly, among his other titles, was he renowned as the "patron of liars." His following was enormous.

I was privileged to visit the dying man, in his tent two days' mule journey from Marrakech. I was taking no risks: I wanted to get there quickly, so I went by car. It is not easy for an infidel to get near a man who is in this holy state, and I had to be very careful about appearances. Somebody I must call Sidi X, arranged these for me.

Sidi X, had strong views about infidels at Mohammedan funerals and I had to bargain with him for two hours before I could persuade him to rig me out like a Moor, instruct me, and conduct me. I have a darkish skin, but do not speak any Arabic, and, should there be any doubt, there was to be no lying about it. I was a pilgrim from afar.

I confess that I would rather have done the journey by mule. Speed is not indigenous in Morocco. Lyautey, who lies buried there, recognised that and the French only cultivate speed for its military uses. We motored through the fertile area round the town into the desert. What seemed clouds on the horizon became the snowclad ranges of the high Atlas Mountains, "where Day and Night meet and Atlas upholds the Heavens on his head and hands."

On the way we passed many pilgrims, travelling by mule and on foot, hurrying because they knew the death of the holy man was imminent and that there was to be much gained, spiritually, by being present at his end.

It was evening when we reached the tent where Mulai Abdlqader lay dying. He was in his last hour, and was attended by his wives. A scribe squatted in his tent, reciting the Koran. His wives put honey, butter and water on his lips, lest he should enter thirsty into Eternity. I saw him for a moment.

When his soul passed the exquisite peace of Islam was on his features.

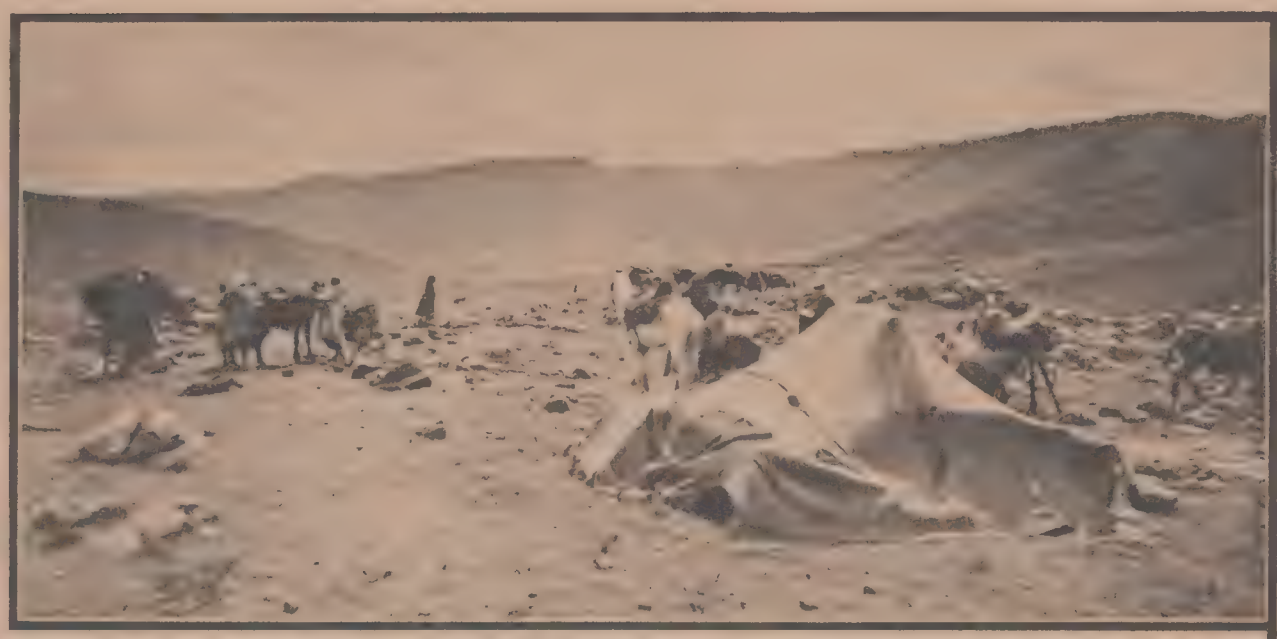
The dead man must immediately be protected from evil spirits. A dagger was placed across his body. Next he was washed by "professional washers of the dead." Warm water was used, and scented soap. A strict order was observed during the washing, the left hand being used for this part, the right hand for that, and the washers muttered while they washed. Then they shrouded him with garments he had obtained at Mecca, and placed him on a mat on the ground with his head turned towards the Holy Place. The dagger was replaced on his body.

The holy man's wives kissed him. But they must shed no tears, as that would bring him sorrow in his grave. One of the smallest children was brought in to drop a tear on him, for that would extinguish the fires of hell. Armed men came to guard the tent from those who would steal his holiness, for robbers might snatch one of his little fingers, to protect themselves from being robbed. In fact, Mulai Abdlqader's thumbs and big toes were tied together, and all night scribes recited the Mohammedan creed over him.

Seventy thousand times did they recite the first part, adding the second part after every hundredth time, counting on beads.

Exigencies of the hot desert require a quick burial. Mulai Abdlqader was to be buried the next day at dusk. Through the cold night and the scorching day the *nazzanat*—professional women wailers—proclaimed the lamentation of Islam. *"Ai ya ya—awa awa—ai ya ya!"* They smeared their faces with soot and cow-dung. They worked in shifts and, the shift over, broke into chatter and mirth at once, refreshing themselves with food and drink. They did not wash and the faces of some bled from scratches they had inflicted on themselves during their lamentation.

Towards nightfall the funeral procession



There are two categories of saints in Morocco, those who are born with saintliness—aristocrats —and those who acquire it—the *nouveaux saints*. Picture on right shows a crowd of pilgrims awaiting the burial of the Sultan of all Saints

assembled. The holy man was to be buried at a shrine in an oasis of palmtrees and date, in a valley of High Atlas. It was a journey of some five miles.

It is a great honour to be pall-bearer at a Mohammedan funeral, particularly at that of a saint, and great are the spiritual advantages to be gained by those who take part in this function. Consequently the procession was interrupted many times for the faithful to take their turns. Sometimes there was quarrelling.

The corpse was laid on a board, head foremost, and borne high. From time to time, it was lowered and raised three times; it was at such moments that the bearers gained their spiritual grace.

Male mourners went before the hearse and female behind. They chanted continuously throughout the procession.

We reached the oasis, and the shrine where many holy men lay buried, with the dusk. The crescent moon rose, casting shadows beneath the palms. The desert air chilled.

A shallow grave was there. Mulai Abdlqader had arranged for it to be dug in readiness. During his life he had kept it filled with grain, and at times had distributed the grain to the poor, to give them grace. It was empty now of its grain, and the corpse of the saint was lowered into it. Four times the *takbir* was recited and echoed through the valley.

"*Allahu akbar*. God is great!"

The faithful stood in prayer.

The grave was shallow, so that too much earth should not press on the dead man and give him discomfort in Eternity. Slabs of stone and branches of trees were put across him. He lay there on his right side, his face turned towards Mecca. A written charm was placed upon his head. For it is known that angels visit the dead, and interrogate them. If he could read that charm, he would have the answer to all questions.

Scribes recited the Koran again over the corpse, while the faithful came one by one and sprinkled earth into the grave. The headstone was smeared with water mixed with henna and dried roses to keep evil genii away.

For three days Mulai Abdlqader's six widows fasted and did not wash, and the *nazzanat* wailed for a fortnight without ceasing, in shifts.

The holy man lies in peace. But perhaps his soul has flown over England. For I have heard that in October swallows nest in the shrine, flying in and out familiarly. Those swallows migrate to England in the summer. But they would not believe in Morocco that the soul of Mulai Abdlqader, fly whither it might, would visit the land of the infidel.

God is great, and great is the peace of Islam.

But it was after the funeral of Mulai Abdlqader that I met another saint who was anything but peaceful. Yet he was a saint and could perform miracles. He had seen me at the funeral. Whether he had suspected my disguise I do not know. But it was unfortunate that he noticed, back in Marrakech, that I had a camera—at the very moment when he had just performed a miracle.

It happened that during a momentary lapse he had nearly broken one of the cardinal laws of his religion. He had taken a little whisky. But he had saved himself by a miracle. While the whisky was still in his mouth he changed it into honey. It was even more miraculous how quickly the honey got him drunk. But seeing my camera, he came up to me in an apparently most friendly way, snatched it from me and ran.

I retrieved it at some distance away from the incident, but he had ripped out all my film and exposed it to the Morocco sun. So went my photographs of the funeral of Mulai Abdlqader.

I was reminded of this simple Moroccan funeral when I visited Korea, the land that has been in mourning since 1910; in mourning for herself, her living self and her dead self. For the Japanese have torn up the tombs of her Emperors. The dead are awake, and the whole nation is clad in the white of Eastern mourning!

Seoul, the modern capital of this cradle of Eastern culture and civilisation, is for its architecture rather like an African kraal. Its little thatched houses have pumpkins growing on their roofs. And Seoul, though far from squalid, is dirty, in contrast with the spotless death-cleanliness of the clothes worn by its citizens.

The country and the people are most attractive. Yet the women's clothes hang badly, and their coiffure, with the oily black hair drawn flatly backwards and knotted at the nape, is appalling. They walk clumsily. But for a woman to dipslay any of her grace, unless to her husband, is not a virtue in the Far East.

The men wear white pantaloons and white shoes and long white coats fastened at the right breast. They, too, wear their long hair in knots when they have grown up, and put cages round the top-knots on which to perch their ungainly hats.

No, the charm of Korea is of the soul. The Koreans have both virtue and wit—faculties which in the west seldom go together. And they are industrious. But can they bluff? The Japanese, who are not clever at learning lessons, will do well to try to study how the Koreans can bluff and go on bluffing, from one of their funerals.

When a Korean dies, his body is not buried immediately, but is taken to the House of the Dead and placed in a separate room. Relatives and friends go there and pray for his soul, according to the Buddhist religion.

Meanwhile his family holds a feast; a sort of wake, and engages for it the services of a female witch-dancer to divine the proper place for the corpse to be laid. This is a matter of very serious concern to the family, and the dancer is well paid, for if exactly the right site is not divined, they will certainly suffer bad luck.

There is a temptation for enemies of the family to "get at" the witch-dancer if they can, so as to bring about the family's downfall, and many humorous stories are told in Korea about such attempts at corruption. The witch-dancers, however, are, on the whole, of high integrity, as befits such a responsible profession.

Such is the importance that Koreans attach to accurate divination that I have heard of families who, having suffered some kind of misfortune after a death, have changed their witch-dancer and consulted the new one from the point of view of the advisability of a disinterment and a re-burial. And this is sometimes done; but it is not etiquette for a witch-dancer to disagree with the divination of another without serious cause.

I chanced to see several funerals in Seoul, including that of one of the leading citizens. The routine is fixed, and it will suffice to describe one.

Mounted police suddenly appeared in one of the busy streets, and the crowds made way, thronging the sides. The rumour went round, "A funeral!" Little boys rushed to collect their friends with the eagerness of western children who chase a fire-engine.

A slow and measured chant preceded the procession and behind the chanters followed a double row of banner bearers; carrying long thin poles to the tops of which were attached coloured streamers with inscriptions on them. Next were borne a number of unlit bamboo and paper lanterns, strung on to similar poles.

Then came the hearse, preceded by two figures borne in chairs, dressed heavily in sackcloth and wearing ungainly sackcloth hats. Behind the hearse was carried a brightly coloured palanquin, red, yellow, and blue, beside which walked lamenting priests. Then followed the mourners, dressed in white, in high rickshaws, and behind them were carried wreaths of artificial flowers.

But so far the corpse had not passed. *The wailing of the choristers at the head of the procession, the hearse, the banners, the palanquin, the lamentations of the priests—these were all bluff.*

The evil spirits had to be kept away, and the whole of the procession so far, including the artificial flowers, was intended to decoy them. The ruse was apparently certain of success, for the real hearse followed immediately, in a second palanquin, behind which came real flowers for the comfort of the deceased.

The corpse was borne out of the town to the sacred spot which the witch-dancer had divined, a simple little place where they lay others of the dead, under simple little mounds, without stones or tablets, without flowers. They placed the corpse quietly in a grave, and priests chanted while mourners covered it with earth.

Another ancestor had gone to rest, and another ancestor ruled Korea. He had gone for ever, to be cared for by his family and his people, that his soul might enjoy eternal rest. Once a year, on the day of his burial, his descendants would visit him and comfort him, not with flowers in this land of flowers, but by scraping the dust from him and covering him again.

It is the greatest of all virtues to comfort the dead, and no old man or woman in Korea would accept food from his family if he thought that such reverence were to be denied him in his grave.

THANKS TO FRANKIE

You can't really blame the dance hostess at the Colossal for wanting to know why she should be kidnapped—and then released. It simply isn't done!

BY FRANK KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GREENUP

THE ballroom at the Colossal Hotel was a kaleidoscope of colour. The fancy dresses of the dancers swirled in a maze of ever-changing patterns. The laughter and chatter grew steadily louder, drowning the wail of violins and bubble of saxophones.

Guests drifted into the buffet adjoining, and returned fortified with vintage champagne or mellow old brandy. To-day Sir William Everest's son came of age and Sir William was not the man to spare expense on such an occasion. This dance was merely the finale to an evening of revelry.

As the last strains of a waltz died into silence, a drum rolled for attention, and the leader of the band announced that Miss Frances Leyburn would give an exhibition of tap dancing. Amidst applause the lights went down.

The piano tinkled out a syncopated measure, and Frankie Leyburn, dance hostess at the Colossal, began her exhibition A faint shadowing on her cheeks had accentuated her normally rather high cheekbones. A pencilled tilt to her eyebrows gave the required impression of obliquity to her dark eyes. Her black hair, usually cut to a fringe, was brushed back from her white forehead and carefully smoothed down into position. At all times there was a fascinating hint of the Oriental in her. To-night the skilful, unobtrusive make-up, together with the gorgeous embroidered costume she wore, had converted her into the very picture of a young Chinese gentleman.

It isn't often one sees the dignity of a Mandarin break into a tap dance. At first, the onlookers were amused. But soon the sheer virtuosity in the girl's flying feet compelled their admiration. There was a roar of applause when she finished.

The band struck up a foxtrot. Frankie, flushed and a little breathless from her exertion, walked to a quiet corner of the ballroom and stood watching.

A voice sounded in her ear.

"Good work, sister! What about taking a few steps round with me?"

She turned to look into the face of an aviator, complete with goggles. The coarsely handsome features were reddened, either with excitement or drink. The eyes, leering at her from behind the goggles, seemed on the point of growing amorous.

"Excuse me, please," she replied. "I'm just a little tired."

"Aw, come on!" He caught her arm. "It's your job, isn't it?"

He was right, of course. A dance hostess has no business to pick and choose amongst her partners. After a momentary hesitation, Frankie nodded.

"Very well," she smiled. "I'll rest afterwards."

Rather to her surprise, the man did not attempt to make love to her. He asked her a lot of questions about herself, and seemed more intent on her answers than the foxtrot. His voice was slangy and uneducated. She got the impression that he was a rather tough type of individual, and wondered how he had managed an invitation to this party. Perhaps he was a gate-crasher. She decided that she must keep an eye on him. Every member of the staff at the Colossal was continually on the lookout for crooks. The big cosmopolitan hotel was a happy hunting-ground for confidence tricksters, jewellery thieves and the like.

When the music stopped he left her abruptly with a gruff word of thanks. As she stood watching his retreating figure, a cavalier hurried up to her.

"The next is mine, I think," he said. "In fact, I'm sure."

"Hello, Pip." There was a trace of tenderness in both eyes and voice as Frankie turned. "Yes, the next is yours. Do you mind if we sit it out?"

"Do I mind? It's the one thing I've been waiting for all night." Philip Trent tucked her arm into his. "The balcony?"

"Yes. A breath of fresh air will feel lovely."

They walked through one of the swing doors and out on to the balcony which overlooked the Thames. There was a trace of fog on the river, and the night air had a distinctly autumnal tang in it. But Frankie drew in deep breaths of its invigorating freshness, and sighed in contentment.

They were silent for a while. Philip Trent, still holding her arm in his, watched her with a smile. He was probably London's most eligible bachelor. Though almost fabulously wealthy, he had nothing of the play-boy in his make-up. He worked hard at his profession—he had been called to the Bar two or three years ago—and for a long time had avoided any social functions. Lately, however, he had developed a keen interest in dancing, turning into the Colossal almost every night. Both he and Frankie knew the reason for this.

"A penny for them," he said suddenly. "I'll bet I'm not in them."

"You weren't," she admitted, turning with a laugh. "I was just thinking about my last partner."

"Well, what about that aviator johnny?" he asked. "I saw him pestering you just after your dance."

"One doesn't pester a hostess, Pip," said Frankie. "I can't expect to draw a good salary just for dancing with my personal friends. He didn't make himself objectionable at all. Still, there was something queer about him."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I don't know. He didn't seem the kind of man who would be here by invitation."

"I wangled one myself, you know."

"You're different. I think I ought to keep an eye on him. Anyhow, I've got my breath back again. Would you like to dance?"

"It's the one thing I've been waiting for all night," smiled Philip.

They went back into the ballroom. There was no sign of the aviator. They floated away in the smooth rhythm of a waltz, and Frankie allowed herself to dream.

Occasionally, during the rest of the evening, she remembered that curious partner of hers and looked round for him. She even searched for him in the buffet and other public rooms of the hotel, but caught no further glimpse of him. Evidently he had cleared off immediately after that dance with her.

She had several more with Philip, and thoroughly enjoyed them. By the time "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, she was tired. After saying good-night to Philip, she went straight up to her room.

There was no thought beyond bed in her mind when she unlocked the door. As she stretched out a finger to the switch, a movement in the darkness of the room startled her. A rough hand, clapped over her mouth, prevented her calling out. Strong arms seized her and in a few moments she was efficiently gagged, with her hands tied together behind her.

The switch snapped and light flared up. Somehow she was not surprised to see her late partner the aviator. With him was another man whose evening clothes sat uneasily upon him, dark-skinned and ugly, with small beady eyes that twinkled evilly.

"Now, sister," said the aviator. "If you don't make any trouble, you won't come to any harm. But if there's any nonsense—well, it'll be just too bad for you. See if the coast's clear, Blackie."

Opening the door cautiously, the other man peered out into the corridor and nodded. Taking Frankie by the arms, they urged her out of the room and along the corridor to the fire escape at the end. She tried to resist, but they had little difficulty in compelling her to advance. When she tried to stand still, they merely lifted her off her feet and carried her.

The fire escape terminated in a service yard behind the hotel. At this early hour of the morning there was no one about. Frankie tried to call out, but the gag stifled any sound. She was pushed through the yard to the alley beyond, where a closed car waited with a third man at the wheel. He started up as soon as he saw them. The aviator bundled Frankie into the back, and tied a handkerchief over her eyes.

"Take it easy, sister," he warned. "No one's going to hurt you if you behave."

The car moved on. Frankie tried to reckon out the route it was taking. She felt sure she could mentally trace their progress through Piccadilly Circus and up Regent Street. But after this, they twisted and turned so much that she lost all sense of direction.

Beside her, the aviator gripped her arm, alert for any attempt to escape. No one spoke. It seemed to her that the car must have been travelling for about three-quarters of an hour before, eventually, it pulled up.

She was helped out, carried across a gravelled terrace, and pushed through a door. The air inside was warm, and heavy with cigar smoke. Someone pulled the bandage from her eyes.

She was standing in the hall, oak-panelled and shabbily furnished, of what was evidently an old country house. Round the big fire that blazed in the hearth several men were seated. They turned to look at her curiously.

Leaving her in Blackie's charge, the aviator disappeared through one of the doors leading from the hall. In a few moments he returned with a short, stout man, grey-haired and wearing pince-nez.

"Here she is, Doc," he said.

The little man screwed up his eyes and examined Frankie closely from head to foot.

"A most excellent turn-out, my dear," he murmured. "You really look the part. Take that gag away, and give her a drink."

Frankie was relieved to get that spongy mass out of her mouth. She moved her aching jaws about, but refused to drink.

"What's the meaning of this?" she asked, finding it difficult to speak.

"Never mind, my dear. The less you know about it, the better. But take my word for it that you will not be harmed—if you're a good girl. Can you ride a horse?"

"Yes. But I don't know that I'm going to."

"Spirit, yes. And a slender boyish figure—quite modern lines." The little man chuckled. "Yes, she'll do. You're tired, my dear, aren't you? Show her to her room, Marshall."

"But, look here!" cried Frankie. "I'm not going to——"

Frankie was conscious of the fact that Marshall touched her bay with something. It reared, almost unseating her and a moment later was galloping frantically away. Marshall soon drew alongside, snatching at the bridle

"Aw, shut up, sister!" The aviator caught her arm again. "It's too late to start arguing. Time we were all in bed."

He pushed her towards the stairs. Blackie came to his assistance, taking her other arm. The man they called Doc stood smiling after them benevolently.

It was no use trying to fight. Frankie, resigning herself to the inevitable, walked up the stairs. She was led into a comfortably furnished room, and here her hands were unfastened.

"Nice and snug, eh?" said the aviator, pushing her towards the bed. "For the love of Mike, don't start any nonsense. This house is miles away from anywhere. You can yell yourself hoarse without doing anything more than disturbing us. You can't open the shutters over the windows, so it's no use trying. Take my advice and get some sleep."

He went out with Blackie, and she heard a key turn in the lock. She stood gazing at the door. It was thick and sturdy, and she knew she hadn't the slightest chance of breaking it open. She drew back the curtains which covered the windows and saw that steel shutters, secured by heavy padlocks, had been fitted. Marshall had spoken the truth.

She paced about the room for a while, wondering rather helplessly what was behind all this. She felt too tired to think and, eventually, with a shrug, she lay down on the bed. Pulling the eiderdown over her, she went to sleep.

It seemed to her that only a few minutes had elapsed before she was awakened by the opening of the door. The man Marshall stood there, grinning at her. He had removed his aviator's costume and in its place wore riding kit. He looked like a groom. Over his arm he carried similar breeches, shirt and coat.

"Get into these, sister," he said.

"I shall do nothing of the kind." Frankie sat up, glancing at her watch. Half past six. "If you don't release me at once——"

"Now, listen." His grin broadened. "If you don't change into these willingly, I'll have to stay and help you. And I don't reckon myself a first-class lady's maid."

Frankie flushed. "All right. You win."

"That's the idea. I'll be back soon with boots and leggings. When you're all fixed up, we'll see about breakfast."

There was no help for it. As soon as the door closed behind him, Frankie changed into the riding clothes. They fitted her quite well. She was rather surprised to see her reflection in the wardrobe mirror. Really, she looked very like a boy in this rig-out. What on earth was the idea of these men?

It was not long before a discreet knock sounded on the door. In response to her call Marshall came in again, carrying boots and leggings.

"Breakfast up in a minute," he said. "Let's get you fixed up with these. You look swell."

He helped her to put on the boots and leggings. This was just completed when Blackie entered with a breakfast tray.

"Don't be long over this, sister," said Marshall. "It's time we were off."

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see."

Frankie could not eat any food, but she managed to swallow a cup of coffee and felt better for it. Apparently they were going out riding. Well, that should give her a chance of escape; or at least of calling for help.

She heard a confused noise from somewhere outside the house, the baying of hounds and the shouting of men. A huntsman's horn rang out, rapidly fading in the distance. Surely these crooks didn't intend her to join in the hunt?

"Hurry up," muttered Marshall. "It's time we were off."

"Where?"

"You'll find out."

It was obviously no use questioning him. Frankie shrugged and rose to her feet. She was taken down into the hall where the man they called the Doc stood with his back to the fire, a long cigar thrust between his thin lips.

"Splendid!" he said, as they descended the stairs. "Excellent!"

He advanced to meet them.

"Now, listen, my dear," he went on, laying a hand on Frankie's shoulder. "You're going out riding with Marshall. In the eyes of the world he'll be your groom. But it will be as well for your health if you realise that he is slightly more than this." The fingers dug into her shoulder and an evil menace sounded in the smooth voice. "Show her that knife, Marshall."

From somewhere up his sleeve, Marshall produced a long, thin dagger-like knife.

"This is very important to us," the Doc went on. "We can't afford to take the slightest risk. So long as you're a good girl, everything will be all right. If you try to attract attention to yourself in any way, if you speak a word to anyone, no matter who it is, Marshall will push that knife between your ribs. It won't be at all pleasant, my dear. So, for your own sake, do be careful. That's all. Off you go now."

He turned away. Blackie quickly fastened a handkerchief round Frankie's eyes. Then he and

Continuing Thanks to Frankie

by Frank King

Marshall caught her arms, and pushed her out of the hall and into the car which was waiting outside on the terrace. This set off at once. Soon they were twisting and turning again so that Frankie had not the faintest idea of the direction in which they were going.

She was really frightened now. She knew that the Doc's threat was no empty one. The tone of his voice had left her no illusions on this point. Although these men had not harmed her in any way so far, she hadn't the slightest doubt that that evil-looking knife would be brought into use unless she obeyed instructions implicitly.

She gathered from the sounds of early morning traffic that they were returning to London again. When the car pulled up, the bandage was taken from her eyes once more and she saw that they had stopped at a kind of mews. Blackie slid from behind the wheel and entered one of the doors opening from the yard. He returned in a few moments leading two horses.

"Here we are, sister," said Marshall. "You're going to show your paces in the Row. But for the love of Mike, remember what's up my sleeve."

Opening the door of the car he helped her into the saddle of a horse, a fine, spirited bay.

"You'll keep in front, of course," he went on. "But don't forget that I shall be just behind. If you're a good girl, you'll be back at the Colossal within half an hour. If not—well, you'll only have yourself to blame." He put his foot into the stirrup. "Come on. Let's go."

The mews was only a few minutes away from the Park. There were quite a number of riders in the Row, and it felt very strange to be mixing with them in such circumstances. Frankie looked neither to right nor left as she cantered round. Although she could see no rhyme or reason in this strange masquerade, she had made up her mind to obey instructions. Coward or no coward, she had no intention of risking that knife.

Marshall kept unobtrusively behind her, but she was conscious all the time that he was not far away. After a while he caught up to her.

"Slow down," he ordered, without looking at her or moving his lips.

He fell back again. She obeyed, reining in the bay to a walk. Almost immediately she noticed that another rider, a thick-set man on a powerful grey was coming towards her.

There was something familiar about him. She watched him, wondering where she had seen him before. She noticed the surprise on his face as he drew nearer.

He looked perturbed, angry. When no more than a yard or two separated them, he suddenly stopped.

Say, Prince!" he cried. "What's the game? What's the idea of treating me——"

Frankie was conscious of the fact that Marshall touched her bay with something. It reared, almost unseating her and a moment later was galloping frantically away.

Marshall soon drew alongside, snatching at the bridle.

"Good work, sister," he muttered. "That's all."

Turning, she saw that the bay was bleeding from a small wound in the flank.

"You've used that knife," she muttered.

"Sure." He grinned at her. "No harm done. Let's make for home."

They trotted back to the mews. While Blackie returned the horses to the stables, Marshall took a parcel out of the car.

"Here's your Chinese rig-out," he said. "Hang on to it a minute until I come back."

He reversed the car out of the yard. Blackie joined him as he swung out of sight round the corner. Frankie walked to the narrow entrance, and was just in time to see the car disappear in the traffic of the main road.

She was free. Evidently she had carried out the mysterious purpose for which she had been kidnapped. Completely mystified, she went in search of a taxi.

Philip Trent was very annoyed when he heard of her adventure.

"The dirty rotters!" he muttered. "Laying their filthy hands on you!"

"They didn't hurt me, Pip."

"They might have done. What do you suppose it's all about?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"And you don't know where this house is, that they took you to?"

"No. Except that it's somewhere in the country."

"You could find that mews again, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, suppose we go and see what we can pick up? Or do you feel like letting sleeping dogs lie?"

"Whatever their game was," said Frankie thoughtfully, "those men were up to no good. I think we ought to discover what we can."

"I'm with you. Come on."

The proprietor of the stables was very angry. Some darn fool had managed to injure his best horse. No, it was nothing serious. Almost like a cut with a knife. Still, it would have to be attended to. Apart from this, he could offer no information. A telephone message had come through early that morning, asking him to have a couple of horses ready for 7.30. The name given was Richardson and an hour's hire had been paid for, though the animals were out of the stables little more than 20 minutes. He didn't know Mr. Richardson, but if he met him again he'd certainly give him a piece of his mind. Darned carelessness!

"That's not very helpful, is it?" murmured Frankie, as they left the mews.

"No." Phillip looked at her thoughtfully. "You know, I can't help thinking that you were kidnapped in order to impersonate someone. That man in the Park who addressed you as 'Prince,' obviously he took you for someone else. Doesn't it look as though the whole thing may have been carried out just for that purpose?"

"But what could be the idea? What good would it do anyone to have someone think I was someone else? That sounds rather involved, but you know what I mean."

"I don't know the answer. It does seem a bit ridiculous."

"Hopeless, too. Even if you're right, we don't know who I was impersonating. And so far as I can see, there's no way of finding out."

"I'm not so sure about that." Phillip suddenly caught her arm and hailed a taxi. "Usually, morning riders in the Row are fairly well-known people. That man called you Prince. I've got an idea."

"Go on. Tell me."

A taxi drew up. He opened the door for Frankie and told the chauffeur to drive to the offices of the *Daily Comet*.

"I've got a pal," he explained, dropping into a seat, "who's society editor of the *Comet*. He knows everyone in London and hears all the news, scandalous and otherwise. He might be able to help us."

"Won't he mind us bothering him?"

"Mind? He'll be delighted."

Hector Ferndale, a red-faced young man with the physique of a professional footballer was, indeed, very pleased to see them. He shook hands heartily and asked what he could do for them.

"It's just a matter of curiosity," said Philip. "In the Row this morning, Miss Leyburn was mistaken for someone else. We're interested to know who this someone else might be."

Mr. Ferndale looked at her closely, frowned, and shook his head.

"I suppose I ought to be able to tell you," he answered. "But I'm hanged if I can. Though she's a very distinctive——"

"She was dressed as a man. And she was made up——. I say, Frankie! What about brushing your hair back and so forth, just to give Ferndale a chance?"

"All right."

Frankie took off her hat and combed her hair back, smoothing it down. She picked up a soft black pencil from the desk, and with this touched up her eyebrows and shadowed her cheeks.

Suddenly Ferndale laughed.

"That's enough." He held a hand below his eyes so that he saw only her face. "Yes, I've got it. Take a look at this." From a file he drew a photograph which he laid on the desk in front of them. "Prince Mirza Khan of Upper Mongolia."

They stared at the photograph, hardly believing their eyes. It might have been a portrait of Frankie, taken last night.

"That's the man we're after, right enough," said Philip, a trace of excitement in his voice. "Now what can you tell us about him, Hector?"

"Not a lot, I'm afraid. He's young, as you can see; a big bug in his own country, I suppose, though we don't know much about him here. He's been in London three weeks or so. Supposed to be having a holiday. But he's been mixing with the financiers a good deal and I expect there's some business of international importance behind it. I've got a flash somewhere of him hitting the highspots with Oscar Bavin, the American millionaire."

Ferndale dug into his file again and brought out a flashlight photograph of Prince Mirza Khan entering a well-known restaurant with a thick-set, broad-faced man.

"That's the man who spoke to me in the Park this morning," cried Frankie.

"Then we're getting somewhere," said Philip. "He'll know what all this business is about. Where can we find him, Hector?"

"I'll ask Miss Johnson." Ferndale pressed the bell on his desk. "She handles our American financiers." He waited until the door opened to admit a stout girl, with spectacles. "Where's Oscar Bavin staying, Miss Johnson?"

"Ritz Carlton," she replied at once. "At least he was. He's returning to America to-day."

"To-day?" gasped Frankie.

"Yes. He sails on the *Queen Mary* this afternoon."

"Thank you, Miss Johnson." As the girl disappeared, Ferndale picked up the telephone and rang through to the Ritz Carlton. "He's already left London," he said, replacing the receiver. "So it looks as though your curiosity will have to remain unsatisfied."

"Thanks, all the same." Philip held out his hand. "Decent of you to take all this trouble."

He was disappointed. So was Frankie. They had seemed so near to solving their little mystery.

"I wonder——" began Frankie as they walked along Fleet Street. She stopped abruptly, looking eagerly at Philip. "I've a queer sort of feeling that there's something big behind all this and I don't want those crooks to get away with it. It wouldn't take so long to run down to Southampton, would it?"

"And see Bavin, you mean?"

"Yes. We could catch him before the boat sails."

"Right-o. Suits me."

Philip's high-powered car made short work of the distance to Southampton. At the docks they had a good deal of difficulty in getting aboard the *Queen Mary*. The purser informed them that Mr. Bavin had already taken possession of his suite. But the steward who was sent along to make inquiries returned to report that the financier was engaged with his secretary and would not see anyone.

"We're not taking that for an answer," muttered Philip. He scribbled on the back of a visiting card. "Urgent business re Prince Mirza Khan," and handed it to the steward. "Take that along to him, will you?"

The steward departed rather reluctantly. When he returned, there was a new respect in his attitude.

"Mr. Bavin will see you at once, sir," he reported. "Will you come this way, please?"

We're certainly on the right track," Philip whispered to Frankie as they followed the steward.

She nodded. She was beginning to feel very excited.

In the luxurious suite, Oscar Bavin was pacing about impatiently. The face he turned towards his visitors was grim.

"Well?" he snapped. "What is it? Has Mirza Khan changed his mind again? I don't mind telling you I'm not used to this kind of treatment. Unless he comes through with an apology . . . ."

"I've an idea Prince Mirza Khan is, perhaps, not quite so fickle as you think," said Philip. "Will you let me tell you what we know about the business?"

The financier's eyes opened wide as he listened to the extraordinary story.

"Well, that beats the band," he muttered. He stared at Frankie. "It was you I saw in the Park this morning?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you—"

"There was a man behind me—with a knife."

"Yes, of course." Bavin looked puzzled. "I still can't see how things fit in."

"We'd hoped you might be able to help us to get to the bottom of this business," said Philip.

"I'll tell you just what's happened, then, perhaps, you'll be able to see daylight where I can't. Mirza Khan came to England to fix up some oil concessions. There were a few of us after these, but

the offer I made seemed to please him most. In fact, we'd got the whole thing arranged. All the documents were ready for signing and he should have come round to the Ritz Carlton yesterday morning for a final meeting.

"Well, he di dn't turn up. After I'd waited about an hour, I rang his hotel, but he wasn't there. I don't mind admitting I was mad, because these concessions were pretty big things and Mirza Khan knew that I was sailing back to America to-day. I kept on ringing at intervals, but couldn't get in touch with him at all. Then, this morning, in the Park—well, that seemed to kybosh everything, didn't it? I couldn't understand why he wouldn't speak to me. I came to the conclusion that he'd been got at somehow by one of my enemies—and I've a few—but as there didn't seem to be anything much I could do about it, I decided to call the whole thing off. I still can't see what the idea of dressing up the young lady was."

"I think I can," said Frankie suddenly. "Do you ride in the Park every morning?"

"Yes. It's about the only exercise I get."

"And other people were definitely after these concessions?"

"You bet they were! Old Fosdyke, in particular."

"Would it be worth while kidnapping Prince Mirza Khan to prevent him signing those papers?"

"Would it be worth—" Bavin's clenched fist crashed on to the table. "By heck! That's an idea, young woman! If they could kidnap you, they could kidnap him. Fosdyke's quite capable of it, too. But how do you come into it?"

"Well, what would have happened if you hadn't seen me in the Park this morning?"

"I don't know. I don't quite get you."

"If you'd rung the Prince's hotel again this morning, and discovered that he hadn't been seen since yesterday morning, don't you think you might have felt a bit uneasy about him? Wouldn't the possibility of some accident having happened to him have entered your mind?"

"Gosh, yes! I see what you mean. That masquerade of yours this morning was just to put me off, to make me think exactly what I did think—that, for some reason, he'd changed his mind about the concessions. These crooks reckoned that I'd clear off, suspecting nothing, and then they'd be able to work on the Prince. Young woman, you've got it! I'm convinced of that. Mirza Khan's in a jam and it's up to us to get him out of it. Where is this house you were taken to?"

"That's the trouble, Mr. Bavin. I haven't the faintest idea."

"We'll have to hunt for it." The financier rang for his secretary. "We're going back to London, Walton. See to the luggage, will you?"

"Very good, sir."

Frankie stared out of one of the portholes of the suite. A word Bavin had used set her memory working. She could hear again the baying of hounds, the sound of a huntsman's horn.

"I say!" she exclaimed suddenly. "There won't be many hunts within fifty miles of London, will there?"

"I shouldn't think so," agreed Philip. "What's the idea?"

"Well, I told you I heard some hounds passing that house. If we could find out where a meet was held this morning——"

"That's an idea, Frankie!" Philip snapped his fingers in excitement. "And I know the very man to help us—Detective Inspector Frank Pomeroy. You remember, he's more or less engaged to Molly O'Rourke, almoner at the Royal Edward Hospital. I'll ring through to him straight away."

"Tell him the whole story," said Bavin. "Make him see that it's important."

"All right."

They hurried from the ship. When Philip had put his call through, they tumbled into his car and set off back to London.

"Pomeroy's getting busy straight away," he reported. "He said there'd be no difficulty in finding out where a meet was held this morning. There might be news for us by the time we reach town."

The car ate up the miles. Everyone was anxious and impatient. Oscar Bavin heaved a sigh of relief as they drew up outside Scotland Yard.

"Maybe we'll hear something now," he muttered.

Detective Inspector Pomeroy greeted them with a smile. He was a pleasant-faced young fellow, very keen on his work.

"You're here just in time," he said at once. "I'm expecting a call through at any moment to say that Prince Mirza Khan has been rescued."

"That's quick work," cried Bavin. "You English police are sure on the job. You've located the house?"

"I think so. Miss Leyburn's story gave us a very good line. We found there'd been only one meet anywhere near London this morning—at Rockingham, just north of Hertford. My colleagues up there got in touch with the Master, and traced out the route the hounds had taken. This passed an isolated old house which has been empty for a long time, but has recently been bought by a Doctor Anthony, who has announced his intention of converting it into a home for mental patients. This sounded rather promising to me, so I arranged for the house to be raided at once. As I say, I'm just waiting for news of the result to come through."

"I wish I could have been in at it," muttered Philip. "I'd have liked a smack at that chap Marshall."

"I'll bet Fosdyke is behind it," said Bavin grimly "If so, I'll break him!"

A buzz from the telephone startled them. Pomeroy picked up the receiver and listened intently for a while. When he replaced the receiver, he turned to the others with a smile.

"Everything's allright," he said. "And just as we expected. Prince Mirza Khan was imprisoned there, but he is quite unharmed. We've roped in the crooks, including your friend Marshall, and the Doc. They'd intended making the house into a kind of hide-out, so we're very glad to have information of it. They've made a complete confession. As you suspected, Mr. Bavin, they were hired to kidnap the Prince by a man called Fosdyke." Pomeroy turned to Frankie. "We're very grateful to you, Miss Leyburn, for the assistance you've given us."

"Not half so grateful as I am," added Bavin. "If it hadn't been for you, no one would have known a darned thing about all this, and Fosdyke would have got those concessions. I reckon you've earned a commission on the deal. Say! Are you and this young man of yours likely to be taking a honeymoon trip to America in the near future?"

Frankie flushed.

"Not just yet," she said softly. "Perhaps—later."

Laug

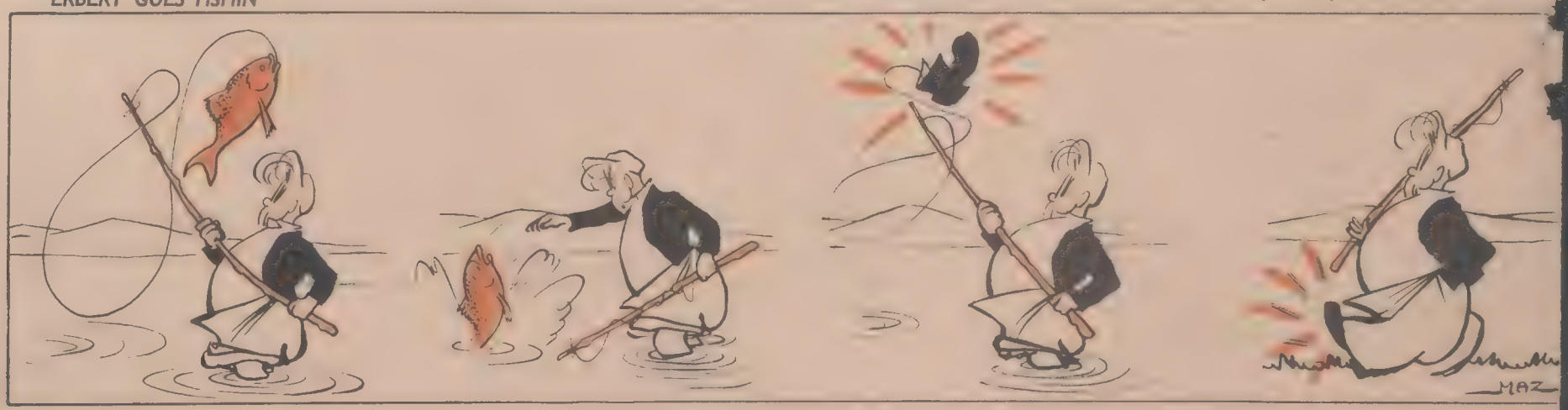
The "PASSING SHO

"One of 'em's been arrested for masquerading as a policeman, but I'm hanged if I can make out which!"

"You've no idea how much dust this carpet picks up over the Sahara."

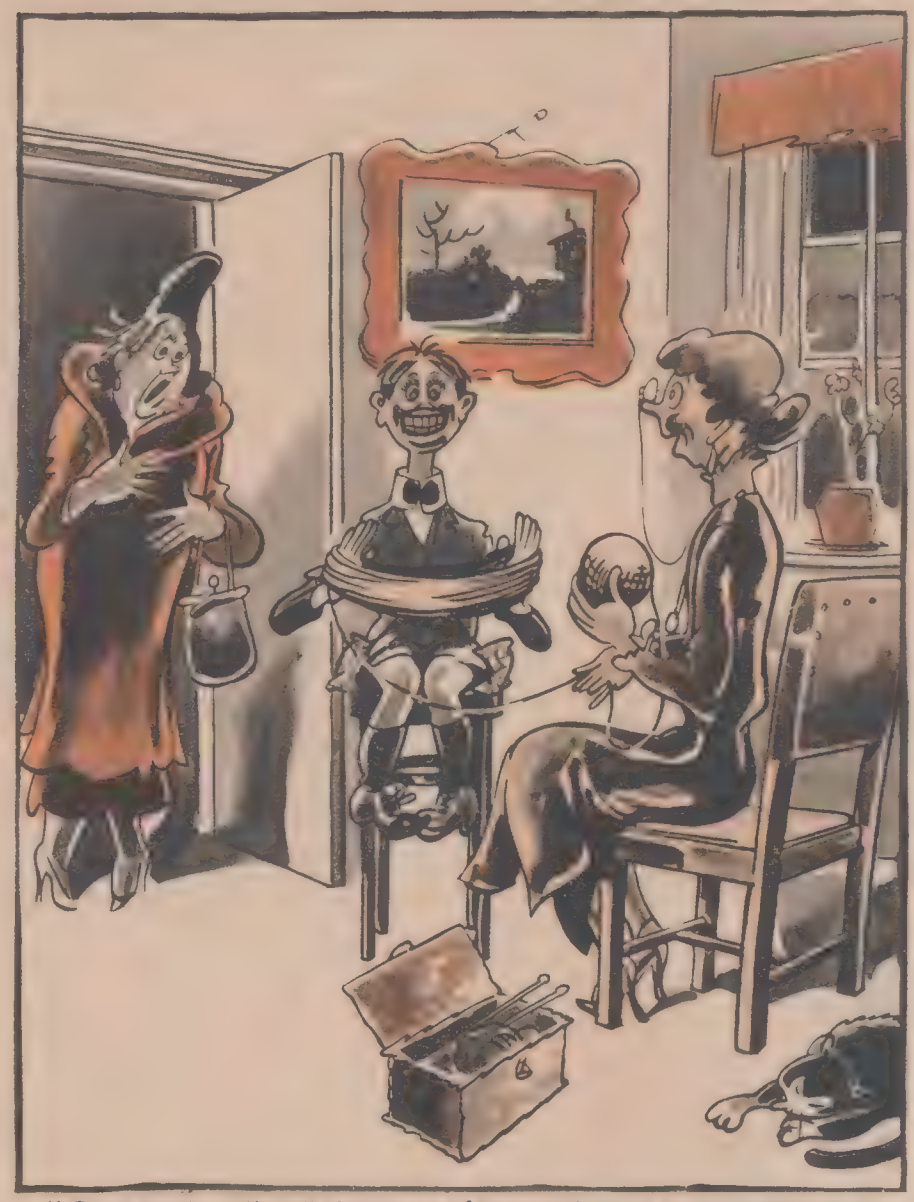
"I'm afraid you'll have to get a new 'ind-quarters, sir, this man's a pickpocket!"

'ERBERT GOES FISHIN'



olkter

W" Smile Section



" Come in, dear, I'm all alone, one of my new lodgers is a ventriloquist."

" You'll have to wait, fellers, my wife's taking a shower ! "

CHIP

" M'lud ! If you've finished with the demonstration models, His Honour is waiting to hear Buxton v. Saxby Motor-coaches."

"Just a Poor Wee Man Wi'out any Trews"

SUCH A BONNY SCOTSMAN

The Bailiff and the Poacher
Sought a widow lady's hand.
The Bailiff, not the Poacher,
Got his plans all canned

BY D. WILSON MACARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED BY S. TRESILIAN

DANIEL McGraw rose reluctantly. He knew he made a pleasing picture, sitting with his knees crossed and his kilt gracefully spread out—he had practised just that pose in front of the mirror when first he took to wearing the kilt.

But the Widow Urquhart seemed unimpressed. She had not even offered him a cup of tea.

"Well, Mistress Urquhart," he said, the broad Lowland yowels of his speech oddly at war with the soft Highland accent recently superimposed, "since ye're so throng, I mun be getting away home."

He looked regretfully at the fire, at the arm-chair he had just quitted and then at the widow.

She was a comely creature, soft-faced, quiet-eyed.

"I'm sure it's very sorry I am, and all, Mr. McGraw," she said, quite concerned. "But you'll be seeing how it is, no doubt?"

"Very true, Mistress Urquhart," he agreed, solemnly, and picked up his sodden bonnet.

He felt disconsolate, staring out into the rain through the door she held open for him.

It had been altogether a disastrous day—first Sir Hector going into a fury because never a salmon had risen at the Witch's Cauldron and him boasting to his guest—a cabinet minister, no less!—of the wonderful fish to be taken out of there; and then that young rascal MacEachern missing a strike with the gaff and knocking his gentleman into the river forby; and then the rain coming, soaking them all to the skin, and two other guests, walking up unbidden to watch the sport and taking up all the room in the car on the return journey, so that Sir Hector's head bailiff had to walk home—no, not a day a man could think back on with any satisfaction.

And for a culmination, being shown the door by the Widow Urquhart, like any casual caller!

She might have had more consideration. No ordinary gillie or keeper, was Daniel McGraw. He had made that plain, when he first came to these parts. The kilt for him—MacDonald tartan, for his mother had been a MacDonald, albeit from Glasgow—and he knew himself a fine figure of a man. Didn't the tourists in their cars all stop to admire the look of him, taking him for one of the gentry?

Mrs. Urquhart had been impressed at first. He had hoped to impress her still more. She was no common crofter's widow. She owned her own house and a parcel of land—good land, too, his experienced Lowland eyes had told him at first glance—and cattle and sheep and all. A tidy packet of siller, if you added it up! And a tidy bit house; a cosy place for a man to come and hang up his hat in!

He had made up his mind to do just that. But to-day was not one of his days.

He took his leave of the widow with the dismal knowledge that he had a seven-mile tramp between him and his supper—and an aching void under the waist-band of his kilt. Seven miles of bare moor road, in the teeth of a wind that drove sheets of rain before it—seven long, weary, bitter miles.

He set off.

He passed the track leading down to the little clachan on his left, where Mrs. Urquhart had to go to help a herd whose wife was poorly, and he faced the empty road. A mile along it, he came in sight of the next habitation—the small dark heather-thatched cottage of Duncan MacPherson.

He scowled, biting his lip as the cottage loomed up through the driving rain. Well he knew whose fault it was there were no salmon in the Witch's Cauldron! Well he knew whose fault it was the Widow Urquhart's greeting was so cool!

"All right, my man," he said to himself, with grim satisfaction. "Come this day three weeks you'll be out on the roadside—evicted, and by Sir Hector, not by me!"

Duncan had overlooked a little matter of rent a while back, and it had been an excellent chance to secure the cottage for one of Sir Hector's own men.

McGraw saw a face at the window as he neared the cottage. It peered out at him, then vanished and the door opened. A thin, wiry man, sharp faced and shrewd, came out into the rain, and gave the bailiff a sly smile of greeting.

"Well, now," he exclaimed. "I declare to my goodness, if it isn't Mr. McGraw himself! Why, man, what's ado the day and you walking?"

McGraw grunted sourly.

"And it will be five miles to your own door, so it will! Will you not be stepping in out of the rain, now, Mr. McGraw, afore that fine kilt of yours gets itself all ruined by the wet?"

McGraw hesitated, scowling. He could have thought of a dozen rejoinders and none of them polite; but the flesh was weak. He was tired out. One ankle had begun to ache, and the wet kilt, slapping against the backs of his knees, was rasping the skin cruelly.

"Come your way in, man!" Duncan urged, with a great show of solicitude. "You will be catching your death of cold, so you will."

McGraw shivered, hesitated a moment longer, then yielded. It was no night to be trudging, supperless, all those miles in the rain. He lifted the latch of the crazy old gate and went up the short stone-flagged path and into the cottage.

The peat smoke stung his nostrils and he stumbled over a stool in the dim, hazed light. But Duncan made polite pretence of not noticing.

"Sit you down by the fire, man, and warm yourself. It's perishing cold you must be and you soaked to the hide!"

The bailiff sat down.

"Do you be minding your kilt now, Mr. McGraw," Duncan went on very concerned. "If you was to be getting it out of its pleats, and it wet, there would be a fine ruin of it!"

McGraw reddened, more at the bantering tone than at the words, but he did what he was told. A small boy, in ragged jersey and patched shorts and sandshoes, emerged from the other room.

"Your tea's ready," he announced, and glanced inquiringly at the visitor.

"Well, then, Callum *laochain*, do you be setting another place for our guest, and quick about it! You'll have a bite with us, Mr. McGraw, afore you go home?"

McGraw nodded, ungraciously. A bite—more than a bite—would be welcome. He was past caring at the indignity of taking hospitality from a notorious poacher, a man who had always eluded his wiliest snares. Duncan lit the lamp, and ushered his guest with the greatest dignity into the warm kitchen.

The bailiff's eyes narrowed. Upon a huge ashet stood the tail half of what must have been the finest salmon he had ever seen. His mouth watered at the sight of it, but his eyes were hard.

"Sit you down, Mr. McGraw," Duncan cried, rubbing hospitable hands and peering critically at the ashet. "Eh, now, it's wonderful, is it not, the price they'll be making you pay for salmon, and them swarming, fair swarming, so they are, in all the rivers!"

"Aye," McGraw retorted, savagely short. "It's wonderful."

"I'm real sorry, Mr. McGraw," Duncan went on, "to be asking you to share such a poor meal. But a widow-man like myself—well, you'll be knowing how it is, maybe. The laddie does his best, but there's aye a lack when there's no woman in the house."

He said it in a tone that implied this defect was only temporary. McGraw, inarticulate, helped himself to a scone. As he buttered it, he noticed the little design on it and the first bite stuck in his throat. He had seen that design before; he knew whose hands had baked the scone.

Duncan, getting ready to carve, gave a great start, and peered more closely at the salmon.

"Well, I declare!" he cried, "would you believe that? The feckless laddie has let the poor thing drop, bringing it home from the fishmonger's van in the village! And I declare to my goodness, if it hasn't dropped slap on to the prongs of the garden fork! See you the marks on it yet!"

McGraw had already seen the marks, left by the three-pronged spear. His scowl deepened.

"Aye," he retorted, at his broadest in his pent-up rage, "I ken fine what garden fork made thae marks, my mannie!"

"Do ye now?" cried Duncan, with bright candid eyes and an inquiring smile. "Do ye so? Well, we must just be forgiving the laddie this once. Come, Callum, pull in your chair and make a start. And mind your manners before the gentleman!"

McGraw seethed. He stuffed food into his mouth; he poured hot black tea on the top of it and he forced himself to swallow; but only just.

He did not linger. As soon as he had fed, he rose, and refused Duncan's hospitable invitation to a quiet pipe and a friendly chat beside the fire.

"I have to thank ye, MacPherson," he got out, with difficulty, "for a welcome bite o' supper. And while I'm at it, I'll gi'e ye a bit warning that'll maybe no' come amiss. There's been a bit ower much of the poaching these days and I mean to put a stop to it. I've Sir Hector's word for it, when the fellow's caught he'll cool his heels in Inverness jail for a guid while. So ye can pass that on to the right quarter!"

"Now was there ever a thing like that?" cried Duncan, greatly mystified in his looks. "And would they be at the poaching, now, the rascals? Still and on, when I come to think of it, I declare to my goodness if I didn't hear someone was having a ploy on. Aye, so it is, now! To-morrow night, if I mind right—to-morrow night down at the Witch's Cauldron, I'm sure it would be!"

McGraw stared him straight in the face. His own face was flushed and dark with suppressed fury. The impudence of it! Making a mock of him, coolly announcing, almost in so many words, that he was

going poaching! It was a direct challenge, a piece of colossal effrontery.

He took a grip of himself and kept his voice quiet.

"Right, MacPherson, and I'll thank ye for the hint. I ken fine what to dae wi' that! I'll be there mysel' and maybe he'll no' be so bold then!"

"Maybe he'll not," Duncan agreed, still blandly. "And maybe the shifty lad will be taking the fish out from under your nose and you not knowing!"

And he chuckled softly in his throat and waved his hand goodbye.

McGraw went on home to his lodgings and, for the rest of the evening, he sat brooding on many things—on the widow Urquhart, a ripe woman, the correct age for a man; a comfortable wee body, with a house that would be handier than where he had to live now, so far from the best reaches of the river; on Duncan MacPherson who also had cast covetous eyes upon the widow and her mite; and on tomorrow's work, and what might come of it.

He knew MacPherson well enough to realise this was no idle boast. Nor yet was it a ruse to send him off on a wrong track while the poacher got to work, unhampered, and nothing would keep Duncan from carrying out his side of it. But for the life of him McGraw could not see how he hoped to escape.

The Witch's Cauldron was bad to get at. Above it, the river cut in between solid rock, and came down in a raging torrent, pouring in thunder into the great swirling hole, where it churned and eddied and boiled, in black fury. It swept on then, still pent between the sheer rock, until it spread out and went tearing and hissing over the stones to a twenty-foot drop. At the edge of the Cauldron was a shallow patch, shingle-bordered, with smooth worn boulders, flat-topped, and here was the place to work.

To get to it, there was only one approach—by a narrow track into the glen from the road, among the tangled scrub, the myrtle and the gnarled, stunted trees; it brought you out on a flat shelf of rock, eight feet above the Cauldron, and you had to cross the stream by a set of stepping stones and come down the far bank as best you could, to the shingle.

Once there, you were hemmed in. There was no way out. Behind was bare rock, unscalable if only ten feet high. Below was the sheer drop of the waterfall, and even the most foolhardy would not attempt that. There was no escape except by the path—and that was easily held.

Yet McPherson had made his boast.

McGraw laid his plans. He said nothing to Sir Hector or to any of the guests. This was a private matter he would settle by himself. But he warned two of his men to be ready to come out with him at ten o'clock and, dead on time, he called for them and led them off.

He was too wary to scare his bird away by showing himself untimely. He waited, in hiding, until he had seen Duncan and the boy, carrying a sack, an electric torch and the three-pronged spear, leave the cottage.

The prongs tore through the floating folds of his kilt, and he felt himself suddenly arrested

It was a dry night and going to be dark. Already clouds had massed, to cover the moon and the glen was blackness ahead of them. The two figures, one tall, one short, melted out of sight.

McGraw beckoned to his men. They went forward softly, skilled at stalking, and when they came near the Cauldron McGraw halted.

"You two'll go doon below the fall and keep a guid lookout. This is a grand night for the poachers and if there's poachers aboot it's our job to catch them. But remember—ye maun catch them red-handit, with the fish. Get ye doon below the fall and if I blaw my whistle come up roon' to the Cauldron path, fast as ye can. Now mind—nae word till I blaw the whistle!"

"Are ye thinking there's maybe somebody at the Cauldron, Mr. McGraw?" one of the men asked, curiously.

"Never you mind that," the bailiff retorted, sharply. "Get you to your posts—and look sharp aboot it!"

They glanced nervously at each other, reflecting that it was easy to get yourself pushed into the river and not so easy to get yourself out again; but side by side they vanished among the bushes.

McGraw peered about and up at the dark sky. No sign of light. He crept towards the Cauldron path and down it, to the stepping stones. There he halted and his breath quickened, so that he had a job to quiet it, until he reflected that with the roar of the torrent any slight sound would surely be drowned.

A light flashed.

It threw a small oval patch upon the face of the dark water, a little way from the shingle. It moved slightly, then was steady. A fish rose, curious, drawn up by the light; and a shadowy figure loomed.

In the diffused glimmer from the strong beam, McGraw could catch his swift movement. An arm was thrown back, then like a streak of lightning something that glittered shot forward and plunged into the water.

In a moment there was a terrific commotion, the black water threshed to foam, and the man's figure became clear again, splashing up to the waist in the stream.

McGraw, watched, spell-bound. The man, clutching the haft of the spear, gave a sudden terrific heave and the bailiff could almost feel the immense strain of his muscles as the threshing fish was lifted out of the water. The long powerful gleaming body, impaled, twisted and writhed with incredible strength and the man staggered, his whole body shaken by each mighty heave the salmon made.

But with a last effort he swung it up above his head and over on to the bank.

A boy's shrill voice, bell-clear in its excitement, cried out.

"Gosh! It's a whopper, dad!"

McGraw waited. He saw the boy kneel beside the still fighting salmon, almost felt the blow of the short club that ended its struggles and watched the man pluck out the spear, wipe it clean, and return to his stance, knee-deep on the shingle edge.

The light flashed once more upon the pool, and moved, slowly, towards the bank. Another fish rose.

"Too wee!" McGraw heard and cursed to himself. The devil could pick and choose his fish! "Off with it, Callum, *'ille*! Let her away."

The light snapped off. There was a long waiting. Then it came on again and again a fish rose to it.

"She'll do!" MacPherson shouted, and threw back his arm.

Once more McGraw witnessed the struggle, as the big desperate fish was swung out of the water, over the spearman's head, on to the bank. Then, grimly pleased, McGraw stepped out on the first stone, to cross the stream and take his man red-handed.

He knew the stepping stones well, light or dark. A long stride from the first to the second, a short step to the right for the third and he was in the middle of the stream. He put his foot out to the fourth and his foot slipped. He swung his body forward and landed clean, with both feet on the broad flat stone. And both feet slipped. They shot away from under him and he fell with a resounding splash into the torrent and was carried, before he could turn himself, out and down.

His body, pitching into the Cauldron, threw up a great spout of water. He felt himself whirled round, sucked down, but he was a powerful swimmer. The whole district knew that—he had never been secretive about his attainments. He had no difficulty in coming to the surface and striking out towards the shingle.

As he shook the hair out of his eyes, the beam of the torch flashed out across the water and dazzled him. He heard a great shout.

"By God and I declare to my goodness, Callum

(*please turn to page* 25)

Continuing ***Ten Teacups***

INVITATION TO DIE

BY CARTER DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

★

VANCE KEATING, wealthy sportsman, was shot dead in the attic of an unoccupied house which was being carefully guarded by squads of policemen. Chief Inspector Humphrey Masters and Sergeant Pollard tried in vain to stop the killing after receiving a message that said: "There will be ten teacups at No. 4 Berwick Terrace, W.8, on Wednesday, July 31, at 5 p.m. precisely. The presence of the Metropolitan Police is requested." For they were reminded of a murder of two years before, when a man named Dartley was shot in similar circumstances. When Masters and Pollard examined the attic where Keating died, they found a table with ten teacups and saucers arranged in a circle on a gaudy cloth. Also, they found a silver cigarette case bearing the initials J. D., a hat containing the name Philip Keating and a .45 revolver. Sir Henry Merrivale, famous detective, proves that the J. D. stands for Mrs. Jeremy Derwent, wife of the murdered Dartley's solicitor. Frances Gale, fiancée of the murdered man, says he did not attend a "Murder-game party" at the Derwent's home the previous night, because he had quarrelled with his friend, Ron Gardner, over her. And after being told that Keating had left all his money to Mrs. Derwent, the detectives find that she has a cast-iron alibi even though she claims the cigarette case as her own. Philip Keating, brother of the murdered man, then proves that he did not own the hat containing his name found at the scene of the crime. The gun is the only clue with any value, for it was stolen from the Derwents' "murder" party.

★

LINCOLN MANSIONS, Great George Street, was a new and craggy block of flats showing white against the green trees and grey dignity of Westminster. Overpowering heat made it look still more somnolent when H. M., Masters, Philip Keating, Frances Gale, and Sergeant Pollard arrived there. But clouds were piling up: Masters enlivened the journey with speculations as to possible rain. And they had more luck than they anticipated. As they entered the foyer, the hall-porter saluted Philip.

"I hope it's all right, sir," he said. "Mr. Gardner and Mr. Soar are waiting for you upstairs. I thought you wouldn't mind——"

Philip said it was all right. But he looked uncomfortable. That Mr. Gardner and Mr. Soar were actively awaiting him became evident when the lift took the visitors up to Philip's flat on the fourth floor, and Philip opened the door. A long and rich hall ran through the flat. From an open door on the left they heard someone speaking to a telephone.

". . . She said he did that?" inquired the voice. "Yes, but look here, Derwent: with all due respect, you know Janet. . . . Yes, I admit it'll give us all a fair chance to state our cases, if we have a council of war here and then go on to Scotland Yard in a body . . . But what else did the fellow do? . . . He put his hand under her—W-H-A-T? Go on! I don't believe it. The old rip. What was the fellow's name? Coster? Oh, Masters. Chief Inspector Masters. Yes. Well, if he——"

In the somewhat dim hall, Pollard could see only the back of Master's neck. But Pollard was beginning to feel some sympathy for the man. Masters might well feel that a final point of bedevilment had been reached. That his superior officer did not swell and burst Pollard simply remembered as a fact. But Masters went with a heavy-footed clumping down the hall, and looked through the doorway.

There were two men in the room. One sat at a telephone-table, the other on a sofa looking up with interest from a magazine. It was a polished hardwood shell of a room, with concealed lighting, and sharp-angled chairs covered in blue cloth. Both men glanced up as Masters appeared in the doorway; and Pollard had a look at them as though they had been caught by a camera.

At the telephone sat a burly young man in his late twenties, as of an athlete run slightly to fat, with a square and rather handsome face, and a friendly-looking jaw. His cropped moustache was of a darker colour than his light brown hair, both having what can only be called a woolly effect despite close cutting. He was deeply tanned; and a light, amiable eye looked up over the telephone. His sports coat was old, and his flannels disreputable. Pollard—correctly selecting him as Ronald Gardner—began to understand why most people had difficulty in connecting him with murder. But that, the sergeant reminded himself, meant nothing.

As for Benjamin Soar, Pollard could understand why Philip Keating had spoken of him as inspiring confidence. You could trace it to no individual look or feature. As a matter of detail he was short, he was thick, he had dark hair and wore rimless glasses: it was even marred by a sensitive quality behind reserve. But it was there. Though he seemed to enjoy the telephone conversation as much as Gardner, his amusement was internal, and showed in a slight alteration of the mouth, a slight shift of the eyes behind the thin glasses, rather than in Gardner's chuckles. But at Master's appearance he became quiet again, and the eyes narrowed.

"Hullo!" said Gardner.

"Ur!" said Masters, or some indistinguishable noise of the same sort. "Good day, gentlemen. I hope I don't intrude. I have to inform you that I am a police-officer from New Scotland Yard——"

It was plain that Gardner's nimble brain divined Master's name even before the chief inspector had spoken.

"—and that I am Chief Inspector Masters, that you were speaking of a moment ago——"

"What a man!" said Gardner, in quite genuine admiration.

"—and I should like to warn you, sir, that I must ask you some questions which I *squick*, which I——"

"Well, you don't waste any words, anyhow," said Gardner. He had got up from his chair, but he sat down abruptly again. "Hey, what's the game? Keep off, can't you? You're crowding me into the wall. Will somebody take this lunatic away before he gets violent?"

"Easy, son," interposed H. M.'s heavy, sleepy voice, with such sudden authority that everyone turned to look at him.

"Hello, boys," continued H. M. "He'll be himself in just a minute, but *I* got to warn you that even the patience of the police has its limits, and that this story about Mrs. Derwent has gone far enough. By the time you've finished tellin' it, you'll have Masters chasin' Mrs. Derwent down Piccadilly in her garter-belt. If we're goin' to do any lying, as I expect we all are, let's do it fair and square."

At the entrance of Frances Gale, with Philip behind her, Benjamin Soar had got to his feet. Soar showed himself as a squarer, stockier figure, with a curiously bristly look; if you could imagine the popular conception of a Wild Man shaved, scrubbed, and civilised, with hair-oil on his black hair, and rimless eye-glasses, and a gravity of good manners—that (Pollard thought) would convey the impression.

"You will be Sir Henry Merrivale," said Soar, pleasantly, in a heavy baritone voice. "Derwent told us to expect you. Yes, that seems a fair enough proposition. At least this little encounter has had the effect of breaking the tension, and that's something to be said for it. We needn't begin by telling you how bad a business this is, or how we feel about it. Any friend of Mr. Keating knows how we feel. Maybe the best thing would be to get down to business at once."

"That suits me, sir," agreed Masters, who was himself again. He turned round. "Ah—maybe I pressed it a bit too hard. But am I right in assuming that you're Mr. Gardner?"

"Yes," said the burly young man with the woolly hair. "And look here: it's my fault, Inspector. I shouldn't have given you the raspberry like that. But you caught me off guard. What's more, you didn't need any fire and thunder in my case; if you don't think I've got the breeze up already, you're not the detective I take you for. What in the name of hell am I supposed to have done?"

"If you people will just make yourselves comfortable, and excuse me," interposed Philip Keating, "I'll see about getting some drinks——"

Masters held up the valise he was carrying.

"Just a moment, Mr. Keating. We shall want you for this." While Masters established his tribunal, H. M. lumbered over to the sofa and sat down beside Soar. Frances Gale, who seemed about to speak, H. M. fiercely shushed, and set her down on the sofa beside him. Masters opened the valise. "Now, Mr. Gardner—this revolver. It belongs to you. Eh?"

Gardner took the gun somewhat quickly, as though he had been waiting for it. But he opened the magazine, took out one of the cartridges, and examined it.

"Come along, sir! You don't have any doubt about it, do you?"

Grey light through a window at the end of the hall showed them the typewritten words

"No, it's mine all right. Derwent says this was the one used to—— But it wasn't the gun I was looking at; it was the ammunition. These are the old Remington 'ducks.' You can't get 'em anywhere. The last time I saw this thing, it was loaded with blanks."

"Oh? But it was not loaded with blanks on Monday night, was it?"

"*Monday* night? Yes."

"Suppose I tell you, sir, that we know there were real bullets in this revolver on Monday night?"

"Then you're a cock-eyed liar," said Gardner, with deplorable lack of manners, but with flat candour. "Because that's when the blanks were put in. I bought a box on my way over here. Was that when you mean?"

"I mean last Monday night, when you and Mr. Vance Keating had a row about Miss Gale down in Mr. Keating's flat; when he threatened to make you confess; and when he shot at you with that pistol."

"So that's it," said Gardner abruptly.

He remained looking at the past; his shoulders a little hunched, his powerful wrists hanging out of his sleeves, his hand running along the barrel of the gun.

"Believe it or not, I thought of everything except that," he went on. "Of all the wild, crazy, twisted interpretations—" With a sudden quick gesture he put the pistol down on the carpet, and added: "Poor devil."

There was a pause. In those last two words there had been such bitter sincerity (or it may have been irony as well) that even Masters hesitated. It compelled belief.

"I say, gents, let me butt in here," growled a heavy voice from the sofa, where H. M. had been inspecting each person in turn. "Unless I tell him what really did happen down in Keating's flat, Masters ain't goin' to believe you, son—and you know it. Let me see if I can lead you a little way along the road. You came here to see Keating on Monday night. He probably invited you to dinner, hey?"

"Yes, that's right."

"But *was* it about me?" said Frances Gale from the sofa, and caused a little sensation. It pulled Gardner up short; but he winked at her jovially.

"If people hereabouts will kindly shut up——" said H. M. with austerity. He looked at Gardner malevolently. "You and Keating had already arranged to go to a murder party at Derwent's on Tuesday night. And at this party Vance Keating was goin' to act as the detective? Uh-huh. Don't interrupt. And Keating, whatever else he was, was a lad who liked to show off. If he was goin' to be the detective, he meant to take jolly good care he pulled off a brilliant and accurate piece o' detection. Burn me, how they'd gasp! Wouldn't they? Especially Mrs. Derwent. *So he was goin' to cook the whole thing up in advance.* It's human, Masters. It's awful human . . .

"I dunno the exact details of the scheme. But I've got a suspicion that the cards were to be hocussed so that you," he looked at Gardner, "were to be the murderer. You," he turned to Frances Gale, "were to be the victim. The finale was to be somethin' spectacular, like a play. 'And when I've got you in a corner, I'll make you confess'—by some means or other. Say what you like, Masters; but I repeat, it's awful human . . ."

Masters turned round slowly.

"Are you trying to tell me, either of you——" he said.

"A rehearsal," grunted H. M. "Sure. Y'see, Masters, it didn't seem at all likely that a man would carry on a denunciation of somebody, involvin' his own fiancée, while his valet was peacefully servin' drinks from an adjacent side-table, and the hotel waiter was standin' interestedly in the doorway waiting to tell 'em both that their dinner was ready. It didn't even seem likely that Keating would ring up Gardner, and tell him to step over to the flat and bring an out-of-date .45 revolver, just so that Keating could threaten his life with it. That fancy pistol looked like a stage-property. So did the whole general excitement."

"Thanks," said Gardner. "That's just what happened. Don't take my word for it. Ask Bartlett and Hawkins. What I can't understand——"

"I'll remind you, sir," persisted Masters, "that—at least, according to our information—a shot was fired and a glass was smashed by it just the same."

"Just a minute." Gardner went to a house-telephone and spoke briefly to it. "Now, Inspector. It was like this. We hadn't any intention of using the gun in the actual murder. I was to kill Frances with a tin dagger. Vance rang me up on Monday afternoon. He said to come over here for dinner, and bring my fanciest-looking pistol with some blanks. When I got here he explained the great scheme and showed me the dagger.

"I suppose you've heard how elaborate this game was to be. It wasn't merely the where-were-you-at-such-and-such-a-moment sort. According to our rules, the murderer *must* leave a material clue which, properly interpreted, would lead straight to him . . ."

H. M. opened his eyes.

"That's interestin'," he said. "I say, son, I find the background of this thing more suggestive than the explanation of it. H'm. The murderer must leave a material clue—— Who suggested that little frill?"

"I did," answered Benjamin Soar.

He spoke with a sort of grave amusement, and he did not elaborate.

"Yes, but that'd take a whole heap of ingenuity, wouldn't it? I mean leavin' a clue that would point to the murderer with proper thinkin' out, and yet wouldn't blow the gaff the minute the detective saw it?"

"Oh, we're ingenious people," said Gardner, with a disarming grin. "Judge for yourself. This was to be another 'left-handed' murder. Now, I'm not left-handed in real life, and everybody knows it. The point was for the detective to *prove* left-handedness on somebody. When I 'killed' Frances, she was to be lying down with her hands holding the dagger against her at such an angle that the detective would deduce left-handedness. That, of course, didn't prove anything. He tests all the suspects—and finds they appear to be all right-handed. He gets to the climax slowly, after long questioning. Then . . . well, I'll show you. Inspector, I see you're wearing a collar-pin?"

Masters was fuming. "I don't see the point of all this, and that's a fact. Collar-pin! What about a collar-pin?"

"You know, like a glorified safety-pin under your necktie. You stick the point of the thing in one side of your collar, and pass it through, and fasten it on the other side." Gardner spoke with lumbering earnestness. "Look at your own! You're right-handed, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, I am right-handed. But——"

"Right. That means you'll always shove the point, when you put it on, through the right-hand side of your own collar. And the *head* of the collar-pin (put your hand up and feel it) will always be on your own right side, while the *fastening* is on the left. Anybody could see it. But that was the point of our game. The collar-pin I was to wear at the murder party was to have its head on my left and its fastening on my right; turned just the wrong way round—proving that I was left-handed and that I committed the murder."

Nobody spoke, while Masters fingered his collar.

"I know I shouldn't be talking like this," Gardner said rather shamefacedly. "But a garbled version has got round and I've got to show you how Vance was working up to a skyrocket ending. That's how he came to get excited. He always did. He was going to whip round on me with the gun, and make me put my hands up to the collar-pin, and—I warned him not to wave the thing about. So did Bartlett, his valet. You see, it was only loaded with blanks, but there's a hard wadding in a blank cartridge that'll put out somebody's eye if it hits 'em. You'll have noticed what kind of barker it is. That gun was made for a western bad man who had to shoot sudden and on a split-second: in other words, she's a hair-trigger: and she goes off if you look crooked at her. Vance's arm swung round and hit a lamp-standard when he was reeling off his dramatic speech, and of course his finger was on the trigger. The wadding out of the blank missed me, but it made hay of a cocktail-glass where Bartlett was pouring out drinks. No gun made nowadays could go off like that, but there used to be plenty of accidents with the old style. And there you are."

Masters stared at him.

"It would strike me, sir," the chief inspector argued ponderously, "that none of you can be called too careful. Do you mean he suggested, and you agreed to, the use of a dangerous weapon like that? A weapon that might go off and injure somebody——"

"Give me credit for some sense. No, of course not. Ordinarily it couldn't possibly have hurt anybody. Try to fire it now, and you'll see. It has to be *cocked* first; nobody ever thinks of that, in this day and age; that was why we were yelling at him, because Vance did have the thing cocked. He would. Er—sorry." Gardner corrected himself, and added in a milder tone: "I'll tell you something, Inspector. When I first heard of this business. . . . I mean—you know—the real murder. . . . I thought it might have been another accident. I even thought Vance might have done it himself, because who in the world would kill *Vance*? But then I heard there were two shots and I knew it couldn't have been an accident, or a mistake. Once with a cocked gun, yes. But between the first and the second shot somebody had to pull the hammer back again, and that means it was deliberate."

For some reason, Pollard thought, the mere idea of cocking the gun seemed to give added brutality to the murder. Murder in actuality, had come into the room with them now and they all realised it. He glanced round the group. Since the beginning of the conversation Frances Gale's face had been pink; once she had made a move to get up and go, but H. M. had restrained her. Philip Keating seemed restless, but relieved. Benjamin Soar had taken a cigarette from a box at his elbow, had lit it with care and was engaged in blowing smoke over a down-drawn under lip of such thickness, that again it gave him that curious resemblance to primitive man.

Masters reflected. "Well, sir, if what you say is true—and I admit you'd be a first-class foolish'un to lie about something that could be proved by the valet and the waiter—that's all very well. But where does it GET us?"

"Lord love a duck," said H. M. with sudden energy, "do you think it's only clearin' away rubbish? No, my lad. It's the most illuminatin' and stimulatin' discourse I've heard yet. Let's take one or two little points." He peered at Gardner. "You were quite right in sayin' your group is an almighty ingenious lot. That little trick of the left-handed collar-pin was one of the better ideas. Who thought of it?"

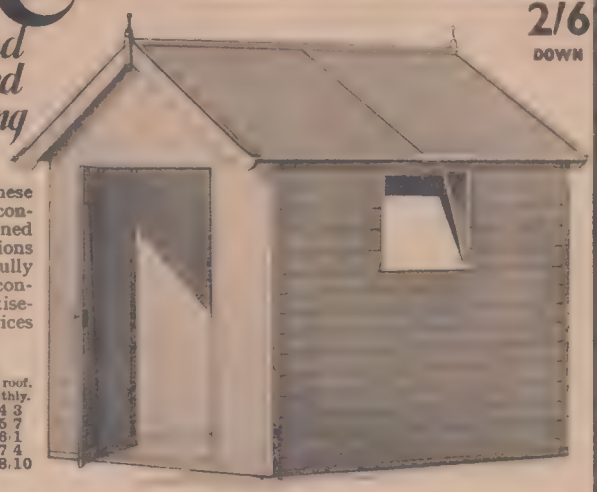
"Vance himself," answered Gardner

(*please turn over*)

THORNS GARDEN SHEDS

and every kind of easily erected Portable Building

2/6 DOWN



You must have one of these splendid buildings, constructed with sound, planed timber, complete in sections for easy erection. All are fully guaranteed, so order confidently from this advertisement, at the low cash prices or on easy terms.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS
Moulded weatherboard walls, felted roof.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	M'thly.
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	47 6	3 6	4 3
7ft	5ft.	6½ft.	61 6	3/9	5 7
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	67 -	4/-	6 1
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	81 -	4/6	7 4
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	97/-	4/9	8.10

FOR THE GARDEN-LOVER

3/ DOWN

3/ DOWN

ALL GLASS CUT TO SIZE and shape, Plant Staging, Painting, Putty, etc., included.

SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
6½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	60 6	3/-	5 6
7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	68 -	3 6	6 2
8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	87 -	4 -	7 11
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	92/-	4/6	8.4
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	140/6	5/-	12/10

COMPLETE HEATERS from £3 16 6

LEAN-TO GREENHOUSES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
6½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	59/-	3/-	5/4
7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	67/-	3/-	6/1
8½ft.	6½ft.	7½ft.	92/6	4/-	8/5
10 ft.	6½ft.	7½ft.	98/6	4/6	8/11

All Buildings Delivered Free or Carriage Paid England & Wales.

Lowest Deposits

"Strongess" Steel-Braced corners

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Free CATALOGUES

GARDEN SHEDS.....9S.
GARAGES.....9G
GREENHOUSES.....9H
HEATERS.....9B
AVIARIES.....9Z
POULTRY HOUSES.....9P
ARMY HUTS, ETC...9M

Write Now

All Buildings Complete in Sections

FOR THE OWNER-DRIVER

5/ DOWN

6/ DOWN

MOULDED WEATHERBOARD GARAGES with felted roof, strong, framed doors.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	92/-	5/-	8/4
10ft.	7ft.	8 ft.	122 6	5 -	11 2
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	157 6	6 -	14 4
14ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	173.6	7/-	15 10
16ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	190.-	8/-	17/4

FIREPROOF GARAGES with walls and roof of asbestos, strong, boarded doors.

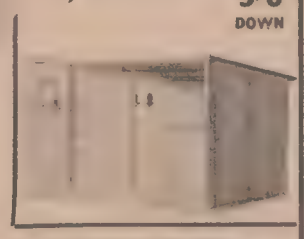
Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	101/-	6/-	9/2
10ft.	7ft.	8 ft.	134/-	7/-	12.3
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	168/-	8/-	15/4
14ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	184/6	9/-	16/10
16ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	205/-	10/-	18/9

Best for... 4/ DOWN

SPAN ROOF AVIARIES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy.
6ft.	3ft.	6 ft.	72/-	4/-	6/6
7ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	94/-	6/-	8/7
6ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	100/-	7/3	9/1
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	107/6	7/9	9/9
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	127/-	8/9	11/7

..Your Birds 3/6 DOWN



LEAN-TO AVIARIES

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Down	Mthy.
6ft.	3ft.	5ft.	58/6	3/6	5/4
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	87/-	6/-	7/11
6ft.	5ft.	6ft.	89/6	6/-	8/2
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	97/6	7/3	8/10
8ft.	6ft.	6ft.	116/6	8/8	10/7

POULTRY HOUSES from £1.8.6

ARMY HUTS, PAVILIONS, MISSION HALLS

NEW ARMY HUT BUILDINGS from £10/15/6 or 18/9 down

OIL HEATERS from 44/- or 3 9 down.

Full range of Heaters in Free Catalogue 9.B.

THORNS
Portable Buildings EST. 1896.

Telephone : BEXLEYHEATH 305

J. THORN & SONS LTD., Box 9, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

Continuing Ten Teacups

"I tell you, a lot of people have underestimated his cleverness. But look here, let me ask *you* a question. Derwent was telling me you were having all sorts of sinister suspicions of me. That was pleasant news. So help me Harry, it never once occurred to me that the reason was this murder-game scheme on Monday night! And what I still don't understand is how any such mixed-up version ever got about. I didn't suppose either Bartlett or Hawkins would keep quiet about it, but they both know what really happened——"

"It wasn't either of 'em, son." H. M. inclined his head ponderously. "It was Mr. Philip Keating there. He also was present, in a way."

Philip came forward with bounding earnestness.

"Ron, old man," he said, "I owe you an apology, in a way, and I know you'll understand no offence was meant. But what I say is, fair's fair; the law's the law; and a man's got to tell them what they want to know, or where would the government be?"

Gardner blinked. "You saw us? Never mind the government; where the devil were you?"

"Out in the hall, old man. I didn't see you, and I didn't hear you very well; but I ask you, man to man and no nonsense, how could I know you were up to any such foolishness as that? It never even entered my head. Of course, I suppose I ought to have come in. But after all I thought you three were enough to handle Vance if he got violent——"

"All right; you don't need to look so cut up about it," said Gardner. He studied Philip with an amusement which grew to a roaring chuckle. "There's no harm done. Here! Is that why you were looking so mysterious at Derwent's on Tuesday night? And why you——"

He glanced over towards the girl, who did not return his gaze.

"Let's keep to our beans and potatoes, son," suggested H. M. "Again about Monday night. After you'd rehearsed the star-turn you were to put on for the benefit of the murder party, what did you do?"

"Well—Vance was in a pretty gay good humour. We got sozzled."

"Disgusting," said Frances.

"Undoubtedly," said Gardner, with heavy politeness.

"But you say he was in a gay good humour. Keen on the next night's game?" insisted H. M. "And that's confirmed by Derwent's statement, Masters. I dunno if you recall, but Derwent saw Keating on Tuesday morning, and Keating was still devilish keen on it. Burn me, you can bet he was! Now, Masters, observe where we've got to now. The wheel returns; the snake returns; we've been foot-sloggin' round through all kinds of brambles and all kinds of theories, and every time we go straight round in a circle to the same old question. Why did Keating suddenly refuse to attend the murder party on Tuesday night?"

H. M. hunched his neck into his collar.

"Masters, it's growin' to bigger and bigger dimensions. It's begun to haunt me. There was no reason in the world why he shouldn't have attended that party, and every reason of vanity and enthusiasm why he should have. Yet between morning, when Derwent saw him, and afternoon, when Miss Gale 'phoned him, he sailed off in another direction. I tell you now, you're not goin' to get much forrarder by pounding that question of who stole the gun. The scene has shifted. What we want now is a full account of *Keating's* movements, conversations and interviews (if any) on Tuesday. We ought to learn a lot about it from his valet; the valet's the man I want to see . . . But, meantime, did any of you besides Miss Gale or Derwent see him on Tuesday?"

There was a pause.

"No," replied Gardner, smoothing his cropped moustache. "I saw him on Wednesday, yesterday, though; only a couple of hours before he was killed. I was downstairs in his flat."

Philip Keating nodded. "That goes for me too, Sir Henry. I rang him up from my office once on Wednesday morning and again on Wednesday afternoon. But I didn't see hide or hair of the poor chap on Tuesday."

"Any other candidate?" prompted H. M. With some difficulty he twisted round his neck in its formal collar, and looked at Soar.

"Something leads me to believe," said Soar, "that the whole line of this questioning is directed towards me." He squashed out his cigarette in an ashtray; he folded his arms and he peered round with saturnine good humour. "No, believe me, I'm not trying to evade the question. I'm only wondering."

"It's like this. In Keating's murder, son, there are three material clues——"

"Just as there was a deliberate material clue in the projected game of murder?"

"Sure. You got it. The more so since none of the clues, at first glance, seems to make much sense. First, there's a cigarette case. Second, there's a highly intriguin' and inexplicable hat. Third, there's this. Gimme that valise, Masters."

Masters swung the valise over to him and H. M. opened it. Out on his lap he spread the Milanese cloth of gold, woven

"Surely you are not afraid? Just catch hold of him."
"Does he bite?"
"That is what I want to know—I only bought him to-day."
Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.

by **Carter Dickson**

into the pattern of peacocks' feathers. More than ever in these surroundings you might realise what a thing of beauty it was. It came with a note of the barbaric into Westminster, of dull gold lights and the profusion of the Gothic.

"As even the newspapers will have told you," rumbled H. M., "the teacups were found on this. I was talkin' to Derwent last night, and he told me a very rummy thing about it. He said that on the day before Keating died—which must 'a' been Tuesday—Keating bought this little exhibit from you under terms of great secrecy and hush-hush. Derwent said you mentioned the fact to him yourself, on Tuesday night. I don't suppose Jem Derwent would manufacture a lie out of thin air ; he's much too clever a feller, for one thing. But something about the way he said it struck me as peculiar. Have you got anything to tell me about it?"

Soar took another cigarette out of the box at his elbow.

"Yes, I'm afraid I have, though I don't know what it means and I'm not sure I want to know. By the way, may I ask what struck you as peculiar about anything Derwent said?"

"Now, sir, if you'll excuse my reminding you," Masters broke in, "*we're* here to ask the questions. So if you'll just——"

"It's damnably important, Inspector," Soar told him. He struck a match, and the hairy backs of his hands shielded his face as he lit the cigarette. "However, what particular question do you want me to answer?"

"Did Mr. Keating buy that cloth from you?"

"In one way, yes; in another way, no." He smiled. "Steady, Inspector! Before you crowd me into a corner as you did our friend Gardner, let me explain. I'm trying to tell you the literal truth; and that, I've observed from a close study of criminal cases, is a thing lawyers and policemen never seem to understand. On Tuesday (that's the day you want, isn't it?) someone purporting to be Mr. Vance Keating rang me up at my office, and said he wished to buy this article." Soar touched the rich folds of the cloth. "He wanted it sent immediately, he said, to Mrs. Jeremy Derwent at 33 Vernon Street."

"Notebook, Bob," Masters said briefly to the sergeant. "This is business."

H. M. scowled. "You say 'purporting to be' Keating. So you doubted it was Keating?"

"No, not exactly. That's another yes and no question. I was not surprised. He was an impatient sort; he often did business by telephone——"

"Lummy, yes! He bought a whole house," said Masters, brooding on this, "only a few hours before he was killed. Well, sir?"

"—and he and Mrs. Derwent had both looked at that particular article and admired it, in my galleries only a week or so before. There you are, gentlemen. Any other considerations were, frankly, none of my damned business." Soar's forehead wrinkled as he raised his eyebrows; there was a slight film over his eyes. "I sent it by personal messenger, my assistant Mr. Wyvern, to 33 Vernon Street. Wyvern later told me that he gave it to the maid at the door. Only one thing bothered me. I was not sure it was Mr. Keating's voice."

"Why not?" asked H. M. softly.

"I don't know. It seemed an *older* voice. And I don't say I doubted it consciously at the time; it stuck in my mind, that's all. By the way, since you like definite times, I received the call at one o'clock. I was just going out to lunch. When I returned from lunch I decided to make sure. So I telephoned to Keating under the pretext of making sure I had delivered what he wanted, and the rest of it. You will guess what I heard. Keating had never made any such 'phone-call, or asked for any such purchase."

"So? Bit embarrassin', wasn't it?"

Soar made a sound resembling "Pluh!"—his first sign of animation—and the smoke split in weird eddies round his face.

"Yes, for both of us. I'm afraid that at first he thought I was trying to insult him, or play some game. Naturally I was annoyed. He said that, since the article was delivered, in the circumstances he would prefer to buy it. *I* said that in the circumstances it was not for sale. There was a foolish kind of wrangle ending in his urging me . . . yes, I know it sounds fantastic; but there it is . . . not to 'lower him' in Mrs. Derwent's eyes and to let it appear as though he had sent it. I agreed, provided he would accept it at half its actual value."

H. M. blinked. "H'm. When you mentioned the sale of the cloth to Derwent on Tuesday night, did you tell him about that part of it? He said you talked about the sale 'in passing.'"

Soar was amused.

"You have the reputation of being an intelligent man, Sir Henry. I don't think I need even answer that. I no more talk about purchases 'in passing,' especially confidential purchases, than a doctor talks about his patients' kidneys or a hotel-keeper asks to see the marriage-lines of 'Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.'"

"Another realist?"

"No, Derwent is the realist. My private philosophy is a trifle different. But you don't want to discuss that. I did mention the fact that Mr. Keating had bought the Milanese cloth, yes. I made hints that he might interpret as he liked. You understand why. An expensive, senseless, and possibly dangerous hoax had been played on Keating and myself. Who asked for this cloth to be sent to Mrs. Derwent? And for what purpose? I wanted to find out whether Derwent knew anything about it—don't misunderstand me!—to find out, that is, whether he knew it had been delivered to her at all."

"And did he know about it?"

"No. Or, at least, he said nothing about it to me. I am also willing to bet," said Soar, quizzically, "that he said nothing about it to *you*."

It was Masters who intervened here, before H. M. could speak.

"Stop a bit, sir! We don't want to get away from the one good solid piece of evidence we've got. If the cloth was definitely in the possession of Mrs. Derwent before Mr. Keating was murdered—well, you can see what that means. Straight contributory evidence. Eh? Just so. You tell us that your assistant took it to the house and gave it to the maid. And the maid gave it to Mrs. Derwent?"

Soar regarded the tip of his cigarette. "I should certainly think so, Inspector. But I didn't see it and I can't do your work for you."

"It may be my work," said Masters, "but at the same time it was your tablecloth. Didn't you at least try to find out anything about it from Mrs. Derwent herself? Why didn't you ask her?"

"I did," said Soar, imperturbably. "That was why she went upstairs with a splitting headache at half-past nine."

At this point Pollard was conscious of an impression that these two seemed to be speaking in louder tones. Possibly it was because both had heavy voices, but also it was because everyone else in the room sat so quietly.

"Oh, ah? So that's why it was," muttered Masters. "It's—building up the picture, as it were. Yes, sir, but what did she *say* to you about it? It seems to me there's a mix-up and mystery right here where there oughtn't to be one. That's to say, you could have asked her: 'How did you like the nice tablecloth?' You could have said that without being indiscreet, because it came from your shop. And she would have said: 'My, wasn't it good of Mr. Keating to send it to me!'—or something. Like women do."

"That's just the point, Inspector. She didn't say anything; she got a headache. You're quite right ; that's why I thought the whole thing looked so queer, and why I tackled Derwent himself about it." Soar frowned. "I understand that you—er—have had some experience of Mrs. Derwent. Can you understand that she said nothing at all?"

This was a facer and even Masters tacitly admitted its truth, though he was not satisfied. Soar turned to H. M.

"I hope I've answered Derwent's suggestions about the Milanese cloth and about me," he went on. "I don't know whether it does much to answer your particular question as to why Keating

(*please turn over*)

Make Writing Pay

AND SECURE PROSPERITY IN THE NEW YEAR

THERE is a constant market for short stories and articles, and the ability to produce the *right* sort of material is much more important than outstanding literary ability. Here is a spare time occupation which is not only fascinating but can be made very profitable.

For eighteen years the Premier School of Journalism has been giving sound professional training (through the post) with remarkable results.

Mr. Gordon Meggy, one of Fleet Street's most successful journalists, is ready with frank but kindly criticism and helpful advice at every step of the way.

Thousands of pupils have won success by means of his personal training. Extracts from a few of their letters are given below.

Post the coupon at once, and learn how you, too, may increase your income by spare-time pleasure, or become a successful full-time writer.

A SURVEYOR writes : "As I have done all I set out to do, the Course has been a good investment. I have found an interesting pocket-money hobby, and with the experience I shall get during the next five years I ought to be able to settle down as a whole time writer when I cease my present work at 60, as I intend to do. You have made good your claim to teach me how to write an article that will be accepted and paid for, and it only remains for me to thank you for all the trouble you have so kindly taken to put me on the right track."

A WOMAN LIVING IN INDIA writes : "I find I can keep to a pretty steady £300 a year, working seldom more than four hours a day and often, alas, much less. My total is now about £900 since I started (2 years and 9 months)."

A BUSINESS MAN OF 52 writes : "I have made just over £100 since January 1 (half-way through the Course). The credit for such success as I have achieved is very much due to your Course. At the present moment I have more work than I can cope with."

A GIRL OF 17 writes : "I have just received the presentation copies of '——' and am sending you one of them, with many thanks for all you have done for me. I am sure that but for you I should never have written a saleable story, let alone a book! The *Quiver* have accepted '——'."

A MAN LIVING IN WARWICKSHIRE writes : "I have gained the attention of editorial ears which, but for Mr. Meggy, would have remained deaf to me. I have had the pleasure of knowing that my work has been read by a million readers ; the pecuniary satisfaction of receiving £16 in one post, and the pleasant feeling gained from having my work translated into a foreign language."

A TITLED WOMAN writes : "After six weeks of his (Mr. Meggy's) precious criticism and advice I had disposed of two articles written as exercises. From then on, within a year, I had sold no less than seventy articles to many of the leading London and Provincial Papers."

A YOUNG SCIENTIST writes : "While taking the Premier Course I earned £71, and for some years after taking the Course my earnings from free-lance work in my very limited spare time averaged £200 a year. I have now reached a stage when I write only when I feel inclined. This is one of the attractions of free-lance journalism : it can in turn be pursued wholeheartedly, casually and not at all. It is at once a lucrative profession and a pastime, and thanks to Mr. Meggy's tuition I am able to make it a very paying game."

A WOMAN RUNNING A CONFECTIONERY BUSINESS writes : "—— has accepted another long complete —— from me, and —— has also taken a long complete ——. He offered me 25*s.* per 1,000 words, and was good enough to congratulate me on my handling of the story. My acceptances up to date total £32. So I have received tangible benefit from the Course, and I am highly satisfied. I had sold nothing before taking it up."

(*A pupil half-way through the Course.*)

A SHORTHAND-TYPIST writes : "The way you put your finger on the weak word or line in my verses makes me realize what a wealth of experience is behind your criticisms. I have recently been able to place a number of verses. Half a guinea for eight lines, and one-and-a-half for twenty-four strikes me as quite satisfactory considering I enjoy every minute I am juggling with these little poems."

A FRUIT FARMER writes : "Since the conclusion of my studentship at the Premier School of Journalism, the lessons there taught have stood me in good stead. During that period my spare-time literary work has resulted in the sale of seven books and well over 2,000 articles."

A WOMAN WHO OBTAINED A STAFF POST writes : "Having had the good luck to be trained by you gives me an astounding advantage over the man or woman trained only in routine work. I never realised how much is going on. Or rather, I knew it was happening but could not—until I met you—capture and put it down on paper."

PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Founded in 1919 and personally conducted by GORDON MEGGY

You are invited to submit any MS. upon which an opinion of your prospects can be based.

FREE

Details of separate Courses, by correspondence, in STORY OR ARTICLE WRITING, VERSE WRITING and WRITING for CHILDREN will be sent to you on application. These will cost you nothing and will place you under no obligation, but they may lead to an increase of income and prove to be the opening of a new chapter in your life.

PREMIER SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
13 Premier House, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1

Please send me your SAMPLE LESSON, etc.

NAME.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS.....
(Block Letters)

.....

.....

"THE SCHOOL THAT GETS RESULTS"

Continuing Ten Teacups — *by* Carter Dickson

didn't attend the Murder party on Tuesday night. Tell me: does this upset about the cloth seem to you a sufficient cause why he should have stayed away?"

"No," said H. M.

"Nor to me. We are speaking now as men of the world, which I find is very different from speaking as human beings. You can see now the extent of Keating's infatuation with Mrs. Derwent. If he were so blindly taken with her charms that he would let an unpleasant hoax stand rather than admit he had not ordered a present for her——"

Without a word, without a sound, Frances got composedly to her feet and walked with her free stride towards another door of the room. She seemed even to walk slowly with deliberate intent; but, when she was within a pace or two of the door, she began to run. The door closed after her.

"I beg your pardon," said Soar, very quietly. "God help me, I wish I could beg hers properly."

Ronald Gardner spoke without taking his light eye from Soar. "Very fine, isn't it? We seem to have got things a bit tangled up. That was very pleasant hearing for her."

"Did you stop me?"

"No; I—I forgot. You've got a way of talking and making people listen . . ."

"Especially myself. Well, go and comfort her. There may be others who would like to do it."

"Thanks," said Gardner curtly, "I will."

He strode out after her. This passage-at-arms had been so brief and unexpected that nobody knew what to say; it showed a new side to Soar, who had spoken between his teeth. H. M., like a very learned owl, made no comment. But Masters went after the obvious lead.

"Sir Henry's told us," said the chief inspector, "that he doesn't care who stole the pistol from Derwent's on Tuesday night. But I care about it. Ah—apropos of what's just been said, sir, and in spite of Mr. Gardner's explanations, do you still think Mr. Gardner was the one who took the gun? He might be, you know."

"I am quite certain he didn't," replied Soar, raising his eyebrows. "What makes you think that?"

Philip Keating walked over towards him and spoke sharply. "Look here, Ben, don't deny you said it. To me. I'm getting a bit tired of being put in the wrong and having the police think everything I say is a lie. You said to me, as plain as paint: 'Confound that fellow Gardner; he's taken the pistol after all. I wonder if he's trying to insult me?' Or something. I've tried to play fair with everybody——"

"It is conceded," Soar told him, "that your intentions are good. Your only trouble, if you'll pardon my saying so, is that you're the world's most inaccurate reporter. I've noticed it before." The remark about the "insult" seemed to sting him. "I do remember saying something of the kind. What I added to it was: 'No, he couldn't have, because it was in the drawing-room on the mantelpiece at half-past eleven and he hasn't been in there since.' You see, Inspector, I was standing in the door of Derwent's den when Derwent went with Gardner to the front door."

"Well, I can't be expected to remember everything," growled Philip. "I was going after my hat. Somebody had hidden my hat. At least I'm certain about what people did."

Soar ground out his cigarette. It had grown darker in the room; shadows moved across the wide windows and the clouds were thickening at last for that storm, delayed day after day, which should end the heat. Pollard thought he heard a vague mutter of thunder, which stirred the glass fittings of the flat.

"Now there I'll contradict you again," Soar said mildly. "The police have probably asked you about it. You're not certain what *I* did, for instance. You can't swear I didn't steal the revolver—just as I can't swear you didn't. And just as none of us can swear it wasn't taken by (say) Mrs. Derwent, who seems to have been generally overlooked for the curious reason that she was under nobody's observation at any time after half-past nine."

"I'll say this for you, sir," observed Masters, in an offhand tone: "you're a cool one."

"Or take another instance. For the time of the murder of Keating, it happens that I haven't got an alibi. That's unusual. I'm nearly always to be found at number 13, New Bond Street all afternoon. But yesterday I left earlier than usual, at four o'clock. You see, I am moving house. It seems to surprise you, Inspector; but people do change their lodgings sometimes. I left my office, I walked and no one saw me. That means I'm guilty, or I'm innocent, just as you like to interpret it."

"Mr. Soar," said H. M. abruptly, "what d'you think of the case yourself?"

His use of the proper name appeared to surprise even Masters.

"About my own guilt? That's up to you." Soar grinned. "At the present moment I may be sitting here in a cold sweat of funk while I joke with you; walking on swords and terrified every second that I'll slip, because I killed Vance Keating. Or I may be innocent and serene. Or I may be innocent, but so nervous that I babble like this. It's up to you. And you may never know which."

"No, son. I didn't mean that. I repeat: what do you think of the case?"

"Let me answer that with another question, Sir Henry. Do you believe in the devil?"

"No," said H. M.

"Ah, that's too bad," observed Soar, wrinkling his forehead as though H. M. had spoken of missing a good book or play. "You should have been at Derwent's house on Tuesday night, and I think you might have changed your mind. I don't say you would have, of course. Some people are materialists, like Derwent."

"Uh-huh. Was the devil there?"

"Yes. I don't mean Auld Clootie. I don't mean an operatic bass in red tights. I don't mean the versatile personage in our popular proverbs, who does so much; who quotes Scripture for his own ends; who finds work for idle hands to do; who takes care of his own—in fact, from that description, you might imagine that the devil was standing for Parliament on the Labour platform. No. I mean The Devil. If you don't see the difference, perhaps you feel it.

"You, Inspector, still seem to wonder why I couldn't get any kind of answer at all from Mrs. Derwent when I questioned her about this." He lifted the cloth of gold, which glimmered and rippled. "I'll tell you when and how I asked her. I couldn't get an opportunity to speak with her alone; we were all in the same room. I knew the only opportunity I might get would be during a game of Murder.

"Now follow me. The lights were put out for that short game of Murder we played just before nine-thirty. We began to wander about in the dark. That's when I knew there was something stirring, or moving, that wasn't in the cards we had drawn. Under that roof in the dark were roaming six intelligent, ingenious people, all fascinated by crime; and the devil was with them. It's an impression hard to analyse, but I know it. I've seen it in Pompeii, and I've seen it in the carving of a Florentine cup, and I've seen it in the face of a suburban housewife. I tried to follow Mrs. Derwent. It was bright moonlight; you could see shadows; but I lost her.

"I came on her unexpectedly, when I wandered into Derwent's den. There are two windows, with those Victorian lace curtains. They let in a little moonlight, but not much. Over in a corner by one of the windows there's a padded Victorian sofa. When I saw it I turned cold inside. Mrs. Derwent was lying on that sofa with her head towards the window. Her head was propped up a little and there was a running-noose round her neck, with the knot under her ear and she was looking at me with her eyes wide open."

You could now hear not a sound in the darkening room except Soar's voice.

"Of course, gentlemen, the physical mechanics of it were plain. Someone had 'murdered' her there in the game and she was waiting the stipulated number of seconds before she 'screamed.' But I didn't see the physical mechanics of it. It was exactly like a dream in that it had the same half-lights, the same half-tones, the same muffled quality, or prophecy. I said to her, not loudly: 'You have a friend who sent you a fine gift this afternoon. How long have you been accepting presents from him?'

"I don't want to exaggerate. But I've since had an impression that I've never been nearer death than I was at that moment. Wait! Don't misunderstand! The danger was *not* from Mrs. Derwent; she had nothing to do with it; she was like a beautiful doll or dummy and the threatening thing, or person, or what you like, was somewhere behind me. I said a few more words and she did give the signal that brought the others in. The lights went up; it became an ordinary room again."

The sharp ringing of the flat's doorbell in the hall, at this moment, shook off the somewhat hypnotic effect of Soar's voice. Values altered and shrank. The commonplace was further restored when Philip Keating went to the door, reporting that Alfred Bartlett, manservant, and W. Gladstone Hawkins, waiter, were here and ready to be questioned; furthermore, that a note for H. M. had been sent from Whitehall by Miss Ffolliot.

"We don't mind a ghost story now and then, sir," Masters said to Soar, genially. "Sir Henry and I are used to 'em. But as evidence—no. I must warn you, too, that Mrs. Derwent has a strong alibi for the time of the real murder."

"I think I went out of my way, Inspector, to explain that I did not intend to implicate Mrs. Derwent."

"You like her?"

"Quite well."

"And Mr. Derwent? What about him? He seems a very close-mouthed gentleman; and, just between ourselves, I should like to know what he was doing yesterday afternoon at five o'clock."

"*I* can tell you what he was doing," offered Soar, and grinned broadly.

"Yes, sir?"

"He was sitting in the offices of the Commissioner of Police."

It was one of the few times when Masters permitted himself, while on official business, to swear. He said only one word; but he said it violently, and Soar's polite amusement did not lessen. The very faint thunder again stirred the glass fittings of the flat; it had now grown so dark that it was barely possible to see. Masters looked at H. M., who was tearing open the envelope of the message Lollypop had sent.

"You're quite right," Masters told him. "Somebody *is* laughing at us. . . . Are you sure of what you say, Mr. Soar?"

"No. Unfortunately I wasn't with him. But I don't think Derwent would lie in such a case. You may have heard that he's been trying to re-open the Dartley case."

"Just so; the Dartley case. I was coming to that. Now, sir," Masters pointed his finger, "doesn't it strike you as odd that, when Mr. Dartley was murdered, the teacups had peacock's feathers painted on them, and when Mr. Keating was killed that cloth had peacock's feathers on it and that both things came from your shop?"

"Certainly it strikes me as odd," replied Soar, with some asperity; "but I can't explain it, if that's what you mean."

"Did you ever hear of a secret society called the Ten Teacups?"

Soar looked up sharply. "The old lead again, Inspector? No, I admit I never encountered it, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if there were such a thing. I've heard fragmentary reports——"

"Any kind of reports will do," said Masters. He glanced in some suspicion at Philip Keating, who nodded doggedly, and then back to Soar. "It's like this. What bothers us is to know what all this flummery *means*. If it does mean anything, that is. The peacock's feathers and the refraining-from-smoking and especially these infernal teacups. We've heard about a 'religious' society. But what have teacups got to do with it?"

"Can't you hazard a guess?"

"Not a guess. It's too—hurrum—domestic for me, sir. Where's the harm, or the meaning, of a teacup? You say 'teacup' to me and I think of a nice fire at home and a good cup of tea, with plenty of sugar and milk and—ordinary things. Nothing to do with danger, or murder, or the like. Now if it'd been something like that ugly-looking silver box Sir Henry and I once found at Lord Mantling's . . ."

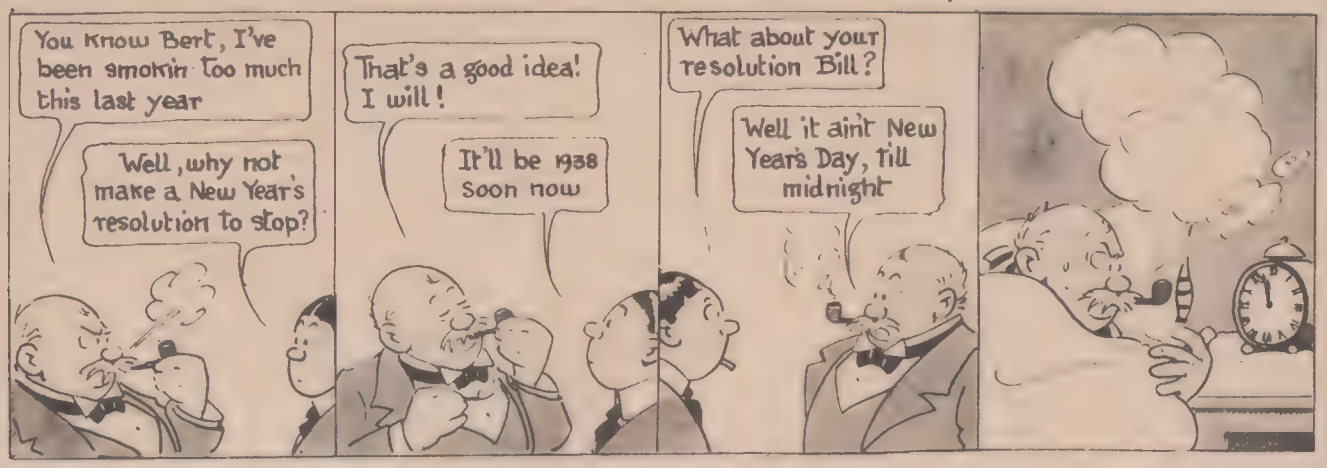
"Exactly. There," said Soar, pouncing, "there, Mr. Masters, you show the schoolboy's imagination. I was afraid of that. You can't think of the sinister except in terms of crossed daggers or gory hands. But think again. Do you know anything about the history of tea?"

"History of tea? No. Except . . . stop a bit! . . . that report on the teacups from the South Kensington Museum. I've got it here somewhere. 'They are not, of course, teacups, since tea was not introduced into Europe until the middle of the seventeenth century.'"

"It won't do, Inspector. What your informant means (as any work of reference will tell you) is that tea was not *in general use* in Europe until then. Pepys's famous remark caused some of the confusion. It was brought to Europe from China, when China began to trade with Portugal and Italy in 1517; which would make the

"This man fell asleep—couldn't you do something? I've seen the picture three times already."

OLD BILL AND BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



date of the cups reasonable. Its use did not spread. Don't you realise that what to you is a pleasant, everyday article was once thought of as a secret, dangerous and exotic drug? Don't you know what a fuss was kicked up about it in England even as late as the early eighteenth century? One medical writer swore it was as bad as opium. Even to-day don't you know the powers of bringing hallucinations that used to be attributed to green tea, or Le Fanus' story of the man who used it?"

Masters had gone a somewhat different colour.

"Here, I say!" he protested. "You're not going to tell me, sir, that back in the sixteenth century a group of Italians got together and formed a secret society just to drink tea like a lot of maiden ladies at a sewing-circle? I don't believe it."

"Does it shock your romantic soul?" inquired Soar, hitting the nail on the head so exactly that Masters grunted. "Well, be comforted, Inspector. It was a very different kind of tea from any you know. If I'm right in my assumption, it was green tea flavoured with opium. Have you read Gardner's travel-book, "The Romany Pattern?" In upper Brazil he found a small Portuguese colony, very ancient and inbred, who had such a practice. I don't know what secrets may have crept out of Lisbon, or Milan, or Toledo, four hundred years ago, to turn up in holes and corners of modern London. I don't know about the Ten Teacups, or what rites they may have practised. But I do know this: From 1525 to 1529, the first being the date when those Majolican cups were made, the Inquisition was unusually active in southern Europe. On no less than four occasions, batches of ten people—five women and five men—were condemned to be strangled and burnt, with no details of their trials given out. Think it over."

Pollard glanced over at H. M., who had not spoken a word since he had received the letter sent across from his office. H. M. was sitting with his hand shading his eyes, so remote from anything Soar had been saying that even his immobility was disturbing. He took his hand away from his eyes.

"I must 'a' been asleep," H. M. said. "Masters. Bob. Out in the hall with you. I want a word."

Wheezing he lumbered out into the hall of the flat and the other two followed him. H. M. shut the door behind them. He held out a note which was marked in his secretary's handwriting: "It came in the first post this morning, but you wouldn't open your mail. I thought you had better have it." Grey light through a window at the end of the hall showed them the typewritten words, and drew from Chief Inspector Masters a sound like a snarl.

THERE WILL BE TEN TEACUPS AT NUMBER 5B, LANCASTER MEWS, W.1, ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 1ST, AT 9.30 P.M. PRECISELY. SIR HENRY MERRIVALE IS INVITED TO ATTEND AT A DEMONSTRATION, WITH ANY GUESTS HE MAY CHOOSE TO BRING.

Pollard could see no more, for the window darkened; without thunder, without preliminary, with only a sudden impact of rain, the storm tore down.

NEXT WEEK
Who Will Be Next?

Continuing Such a Bonny Scotsman

by D. W. MacArthur

laochain, if it is not the greatest big fish that was ever in the Cauldron! Look you now—did ever you see such a size of a fish? Quick, man, my spear! We'll never be letting so great a fish get away!"

McGraw was in the grip of the current. A few yards away was the fall and he was being swept down to it; and between him and it was only the patch of shingle and the poacher and his spear.

"She's rising to the light, so she is!" Duncan sang out, his voice an exultant shout. "And would you be looking at the size of her, too!"

He poised himself for a mighty thrust and as McGraw was swept past, the spear flashed down—the spear that MacPherson could hurl to kill a salmon at fifteen yards. McGraw never felt it. It did not even scrape his skin. The prongs tore through the floating folds of his kilt and he felt himself suddenly arrested, held against the tug of the stream and then lifted.

He floundered helplessly. There was a tearing sound and he was on the shingle, on his hands and knees. Above him his kilt waved, caught by the spear. MacPherson twisted his wrist and the kilt sailed away out, landed on the stream and vanished over the fall.

McGraw crawled out and stood up, shivering in an ague of rage. He had his man now! Two fish, the spear in his hand——

"By God, MacPherson! I'll have the law on you for this. I'll——"

"Saints, man Callum, and it's not a fish at all! It's Mr. McGraw, so it is! Well, did you ever, now? And who'd have believed that?"

Duncan stared blankly at the stuttering, dripping figure and looked curiously at the sopping shirt-tails.

"Why now, perishing cold it is you must be, Mr. McGraw, and you swimming! Do you be letting me help you, now. Have we a coat we could lend the gentleman, Callum?"

The boy, convulsed, shook his head.

"If that isn't too bad now!" Duncan cried, vexed. "There's not a thing between the two of us and him perishing of the cold and wet! But you see now, Mr. McGraw, I know where we can go. Stop you a minute, though!"

He plucked at the whistle on a lanyard round the bailiff's neck.

"Will I be blowing it for you, Mr. McGraw?" he offered, guilelessly. "I'm thinking you'll have no wind to blow it yourself."

McGraw, remembering his two men below the fall, remembering his kilt somewhere in the river, and with no illusions about what would happen if the men saw either kilt or kilt-less bailiff, snatched the whistle and hurled it into the pool.

"By God, MacPherson," he stuttered, "I'll—I'll——"

"Whisht, man! Don't you be talking, now! It's time we were doing something for you! Come you with me."

He caught the bailiff by the wrist and led him towards the sheer bluff. He pulled aside a great patch of shrub and, stooping low, crawled forward. McGraw stared, but at that moment Callum doused the light; and for the next ten minutes the bailiff had too much to do, feeling his way behind MacPherson and trying to keep from scratching his bare legs, to think where they were going. He found himself suddenly on open ground, with no idea at all where they were, or how they had got there.

They set off walking sharply, and now the bailiff's shirt tails began to dry enough to flap as he walked. He shivered and shrank into himself, thanking providence for the utter darkness.

MacPherson seemed to know, all right, where he was going. He walked without hesitation, on a familiar path and, suddenly, the deeper blackness of a wall was in front of them and then the utter blackness of an open door.

"Come in your ways, man!" Duncan cried. "Come in out of the cold."

McGraw, unsuspecting, entered, and the door slammed behind him. A light appeared and they heard a step. A voice called out.

"Who is't?"

Before McGraw could think to move, the light was flickering full upon him and the widow Urquhart held the candle above her head. He dodged behind MacPherson, spluttering.

"It's just a poor man without any trousers, Mrs. Urquhart, ma'am," Duncan said. "And him been in the river, too! I was thinking maybe you could give him something to cover his poor cold legs!"

The widow stared at them solemnly. Her eyes twinkled.

"Well, I declare," she said. "Did you ever hear the like of that, now? The poor man! Why, if it isn't Mr. McGraw!"

"Mistress Urquhart, I swear to ye, I had nae idea whaur he was leading me—nae idea ata', I assure ye, ma'am!" McGraw cried. "If I had kent——"

"Trousers?" said Mrs. Urquhart, reflectively. "Now that is a thing there has not been in this house for many long years. I've nothing at all—nothing but a skirt I could give the poor man."

Duncan's face lit up with delight.

"Why, ma'am!" he cried, ecstatically. "If that isn't just a grand idea! A skirt's just the very thing for him. It's what he's used to, so it is!"

"Wait you!" said Mrs. Urquhart, and McGraw found his arms pinned before he could escape. MacPherson, saying nothing, held him till the widow came back. Then he took the skirt, a bright checked affair and, ostentatiously standing so as to shield the widow's modest eyes from such a sight, helped the bailiff to pull it on.

"There now, it might have been made for you!" he exclaimed, admiringly, and slapped the bailiff on the back. "And I declare if it isn't the McGraw tartan, and all!"

McGraw was past speaking now—past anything but escape. But he did hear something as he went blindly out the back door—the voice of Duncan, bland and affectionate and respectful.

"Well, now, ma'am, before we go home, young Callum and me, there's the matter of that butter you gave us to-night, to be paid for. The silly lad let it fall and spread itself all over the stepping stones, so he did; and that must have been what made the bailiff, poor man, fall in. Maybe you'd be taking this bit fish, now?"

As McGraw gained the road, he scowled blackly in at the lighted window; and one glance was enough. He saw enough to know that Duncan MacPherson had found better quarters to betake himself to, than the croft from which he was about to be evicted.

Victoria the Great

Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria

The Wonderful Story of Herbert Wilcox's Tremendous Screen Triumph

HERE'S a big film event! Something extra special to signalise Herbert Wilcox's wonderful triumph—"Victoria the Great." This week's "PICTUREGOER"—JUST OUT—contains a fascinating record of this memorable film. From absorbing articles and beautiful pictures you will learn of the making of the film—the amazing story of its reception in America—specially written by the man who toured America with Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle. Here is a souvenir—a story of British film enterprise and achievement—that you won't want to miss. The demand for this week's "PICTUREGOER" will be tremendous. Make sure of your copy. Get it to-day. Twopence.

PICTUREGOER
JUST OUT
TWOPENCE

PERMANENTLY WAVE

YOUR HAIR YOURSELF

while you read, work or sleep for 7/6—Simple as A.B.C.

Any woman can give herself a permanent wave at home with this amazing scientific discovery. Just three simple operations and, while you read, work or sleep, your hair can be transformed into fascinating curls as lustrous and as beautiful as naturally curly hair. This priceless secret process is so efficient that **an Endura Permanent Wave will last as long as the most expensive permanent.** Natural, bleached, dyed, grey, white and even children's hair can all be given a beautiful permanent wave with Endura.

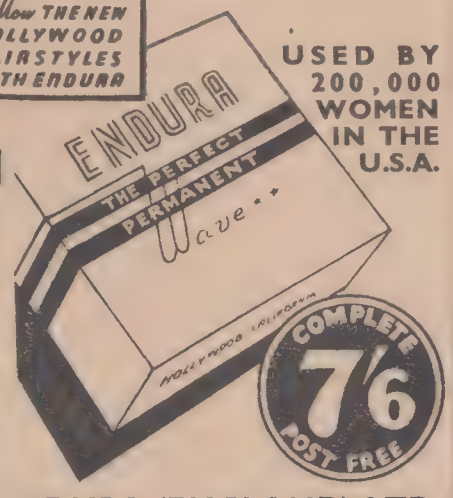
Recommended by Virginia Hall

NO HEAT · NO MACHINE · NO ELECTRICITY

ENDURA

HOLLYWOOD'S ORIGINAL

Follow THE NEW HOLLYWOOD HAIRSTYLES WITH ENDURA



USED BY 200,000 WOMEN IN THE U.S.A.

HOME PERMANENT

Discovered by Hollywood scientists, the Endura permanent wave is used by film stars in the leading studios. Even in their case, where cost is secondary, famous film stars find it the next best thing to naturally curly hair. Try this new sensational permanent wave to-night and join the parade of smart, thrifty women. The Endura outfit consists of 50 curlers, bottle of curling lotion, bottle of strengthening lotion, packet of tinfoil and complete instructions. Endura gives you lovely lasting waves, unaffected by wind, rain, sea water or atmospheric conditions. Saves you time and money and is actually good for the hair.

Complete outfit—nothing else to buy—7/6, post free, from Endura (England) Ltd. (Dept. 13), 5/6, Clements Inn, Strand, W.C.2.

SEND TODAY **NOW!** ENDURA (ENGLAND) LTD. (Dept. 13) 5/6 CLEMENTS INN, STRAND, W.C.2

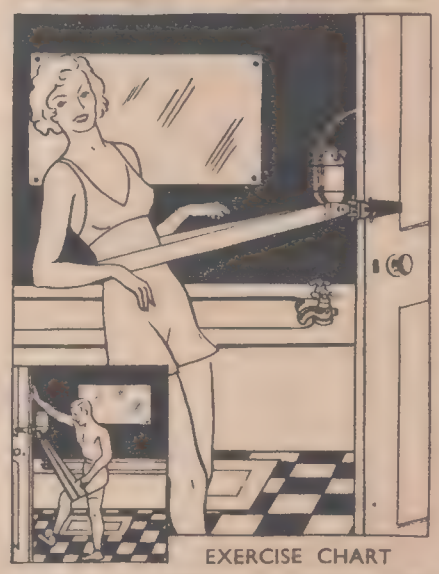
HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING NEW HOME PERMANENT

KEEP SLIM AND FIT!

with the HOME MASSAGE MOTOR

★

RECOMMENDED BY *Virginia Hall*



EXERCISE CHART

To derive the full benefits from the machine it must be used properly. Therefore, we supply each person with a chart for their individual needs, giving a complete massage.

6d. PER DAY HIRE

and if you wish to purchase the machine all payments for Hire are deducted from the cost.

FREE Write for our brochure entitled "Self-Applied Massage for Health and Beauty."

There is no longer any need for you to suffer from ill-health caused by bad circulation of the blood—there is no reason why you should not be as slim as you desire. JUST 10 MINUTES A DAY, and you can be rid of obesity, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, arthritis, etc. THE CRANMER HOME MASSAGE MOTOR supplies all the benefits of massage in a natural way. It makes and keeps you fit, slim and healthy. It has the strength of two men, and cannot become tired, as a human masseur does. It is simple to operate, and can be used on any part of the body. In addition to the ailments mentioned above, the CRANMER HOME MASSAGE MOTOR is invaluable in cases of "nerves," insomnia, lassitude and constipation.

GUARANTEED AGAINST ALL DEFECTS FOR ONE YEAR—actually it is practically everlasting.

FOR A.C. or D.C. Mains—stock models 100-125 volts or 200-250 volts—others to special order.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS

We have received hundreds of testimonials from people who have proved that the Cranmer Massage Motor does all we claim.

ENDORSED BY DOCTORS

Prove it Now! Send to (Dept. 40)

J. CRANMER & CO.

143, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

MODEL BY ROSEVIENNE PARIS

Something different!

I WAS one of sixteen hundred people in the great ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria, the highest and probably the biggest, hotel in New York, last night, watching eagerly the shape of things to come in fashion. In fact I learned so much about the future of fashion that I just don't know where to begin. And no one knows where it will end!

Anyway, the show was put on by the American Fashion Group, which is composed of designers, manufacturers, stylists, artists and people in the trade, who try to decide the course that fashion should take.

Their show does not represent any particular group, but is the concerted efforts of America's foremost fashion experts who, setting aside their commercial interests, devote their knowledge and experience, talent and taste, to providing a programme that illustrates the American scene, from the most expensive models to the mass-produced clothes that are one of the seven wonders of the new world.

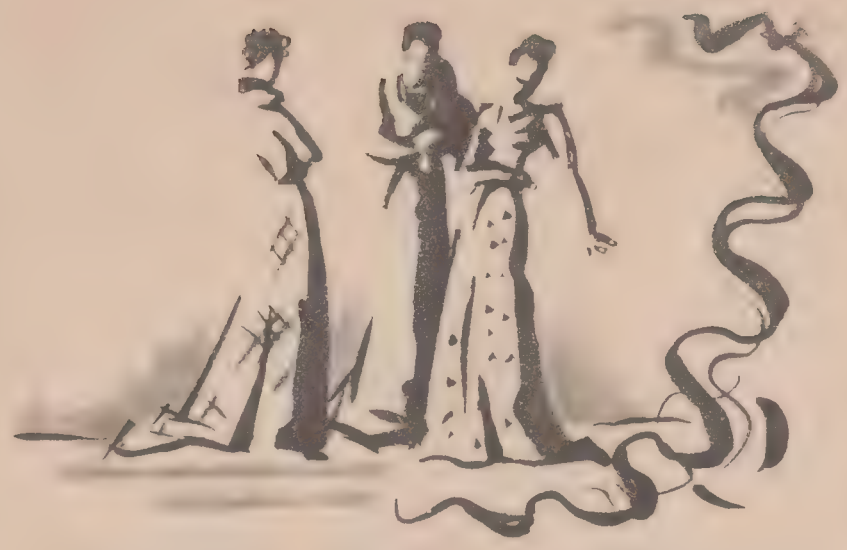
It must be good, for everyone there had paid fifteen dollars—about £3—to see the show and they'd pay more any day, I should imagine. Even before the show started I was kept busy watching the audience, for it included some of the best dressed women I have ever seen. Each one seemed a little better than the last until I felt dizzy.

Many of them had forfeited beauty to acquire that "something different" look for which we all strive so keenly at times. And they looked just ludicrous. But for the most part I thought the women were very lovely.

★ And so we all sat around little tables in that vast ball-room watching each other with envious eyes; weighing up other people's clothes while pretending to be interested only in the raised walks in the shape of an immense cross that had been built out from the stage at one end of the room. Then the curtain went up.

Dozens of girls in summer clothes, including slacks, playsuits, sunback dresses, bathing costumes, in fact, everything you would wish for on holiday—were on the stage. And the models streamed across the raised walks so that everyone could see every detail of every dress. There was so much to see that even my prawn eyes missed a lot.

Shore Leave was the next act. The curtain went up to reveal a gang plank with ship's officers calling "All ashore." And then came a crowd of lovely girls, clad in the clothes we all would like to



VIRGINIA HALL'S AMERICANA

have for ourselves when we go ashore from a cruise.

Then there was another scene devoted to evening dresses. For this the stage was set as a balcony—on which a number of men in evening dress were waiting for their partners. When they appeared they all danced round the room on the raised walk, so that you could see just how lovely the dresses looked.

One magnificent scene followed another, showing so many lovely clothes that it was difficult to remember any one silhouette, or colour that seemed to stand out.

But it was obvious that both straight and full skirts were as popular as ever. Blue seemed to be an important colour, from navy through royal to a purplish tone. And there were many new off-shades for the fashion-conscious woman. Then I saw quite a lot of grey, both for day and evening wear; and I saw lime green allied with rust, purple with sea green-blue, and other unexpected, but none the less surprisingly lovely, combinations.

The fashion of summer clothes made from cotton or linen patterns inspired by native designs was still popular. And I saw native print ideas that must have originated in Java, East India, Hawaii and even in the Orient. Also popular are the eighteenth century pattern revivals calico, glazed chintz, longcloth and corded weaves, from poplin to bengaline. Ottomans, too, will have a comeback.

As far as evening clothes were concerned, the show seemed to have gone very eighteenth century with its rustle of taffeta, garlands, ribbons and bouquets. Even hairdressing had gone that way, for I noticed that not only the mannequins but also many members of the audience had their hair dressed high on their head, brushed straight up from the nape of the neck and arranged in bunches of curls right over the top of the head.

Although this may be fashionable, I think it looked rather as though they had screwed up their hair to take a bath and not had time to rearrange it before going out to the party . . . but maybe I'm conservative.

All this is merely generalisation and, later on, I will give you some idea of individual fashions in accessories, shoes, handbags and scarves.

★ On returning to my club after the show, I was delighted to find a message from an old friend whom I thought was still in London. She had heard from a mutual friend at home that I was in New York and had telephoned, leaving a message suggesting that we should lunch together to-day.

"She said you were to go early," added the operator, who gave me the message, obviously taking a delight in arranging things for two Britishers. So along I went to her hotel only to find she was just out of her bath.

"My dear, I meant to be ready," she said, "but you know how it is in New York. Home with the milk this morning after the grandest party."

And as she talked she sat at her dressing table smoothing in some sweet-scented cold cream.

"H'm," I sniffed. "Lilac. What a lovely clean scent it has. What kind?"

"Glymiel," she answered. "Brought it over with me. It's simply marvellous. A double-purpose cream really, for it can be used all night as well as for cleansing. I removed all my make-up with it this morning and patted in a spot more before I fell into bed. And I flatter myself that my face looks good this morning."

"And the other?" I asked, examining the matching day cream on her table and unscrewing the top, "is this new too?"

"Oh, yes, I'm using that regularly too. It holds powder so well and it is so fragrant. Gives a smooth, cool feeling to the skin. You know how I have always used the famous jelly made by these people. Well, their name on the new stuff was sufficient recommendation."

Lydia put the finishing touches to her make-up. And did she look good! There was a fresh, sweet scent of lilac, not too obtrusive, but just subtly interesting. If you are as keen as I am to try these new creams, write to me and I will have particulars sent to you.

★ Perhaps I am harping on the subject of American curtains, but I have seen so many interesting ways of hanging them here that I feel I must tell you. I noticed yet another method just the other day.

Three rows of round holes had been made and buttonholed through the top of some plain curtains at intervals of five or six inches. Through these holes three glass curtain rods were laced out and in. The effect was both original and attractive.

★ The sad fact that I have added to my weight during the Christmas festivities makes me all the more envious of the beautiful figures of the majority of American women and reminds me that I have been meaning to refresh your memories about the home massage motor I told you about.

Many readers wrote to tell me of the pounds they had lost by using it, so I want to tell other readers who perhaps did not see my last mention that you can lose weight by the most healthy method of massage by having a special motor in your own home for the small sum of 6d. a day. If you are interested write to me.

★ At last I have found something I don't like about the United States.

People of all kinds and conditions seem to spend their time chewing gum. I found myself in the cinema the other afternoon between two "chewers." It was really awful, for the stuff seemed to click all the time and it maddened me so much that, although the film was good, I just had to go out, feeling quite homesick for London.

You sit in the subway here only to find the jaws of the twelve people sitting opposite you moving in unison. Maybe if I stay here much longer I'll get used to it and perhaps chew myself. But I doubt it.

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in this page please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

RED ROUGH HANDS MADE *Lovely*

by non-greasy cream which

VIRGINIA HALL *recommends*

Here's a sure way to make "housework" hands, or hands made red and rough by the weather, soft, white and lovely.
Clark's Glycola sinks into the inner layers of the skin, soothing chaps, cracks, and soreness. Simply rub into the skin night and morning. Non-greasy and an excellent powder base if used for face and neck. This cream is personally used by Virginia Hall. 6d., 1/- and 3/- a bottle from all chemists, or direct from Dept. P.S., Clark's Glycola Ltd., Oak Grove, N.W.2.

Test Glycola for yourself. A generous Trial Tube will be forwarded to you if you enclose 2d. in stamps (to cover cost of post and packing).

CLARK'S Glycola

EX-POLICE OFFICER DISCHARGED THROUGH GASTRIC CATARRH took MOORLANDS... NOW EATS AND ENJOYS HIS FOOD

Read this amazing tribute to MOORLAND Indigestion Tablets

"I was discharged from the Metropolitan Police in 1923 owing to gastric catarrh. I tried all known remedies without success. Seeing Moorlands in a chemist's shop I bought a packet as a last endeavour to cure myself of heartburn. My wife was distracted as I had to refuse food. I tried Moorlands and thank goodness I am now able to eat, drink and smoke as much as I wish without fear of terrible pains. I always keep some Moorlands in my vest pocket. I would rather pay 7½d. per packet for Moorlands than pay doctors' bills."

F. M., East Molesey.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets after Meals and eat what you like

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists:
7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 1/3 flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:*

No Proprietary rights claimed.

W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. P. S.), Rawdon, LEEDS

Enjoy a real SUN TAN all the year round

"HEALTH RAY"

ULTRA-VIOLET OR INFRA-RED

(It takes less than one minute to change)

Ultra-Violet rays will give you a wonderful TAN and increase your vigour and vitality. Infra-Red rays banish without drugs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Skin eruptions, Nervous illnesses, etc.
Made for home use. As safe and easy to use as electric light. Fully guaranteed. *World's largest sale.*

PRICE 55/- COMPLETE

Write for details of free trial offer. Obtainable only from

HEALTH RAY CO. (Dept. P.S.5)
Havelock Chambers, Southampton

STOMACH PAINS FOR YEARS

Can eat anything now—and why

If you have begun to suffer from Indigestion or any other stomach trouble, you are fortunate to be reading this. Mrs. W., of Trowbridge, wasn't so fortunate. She suffered for years before she heard of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. "I was afraid to eat and was losing weight," her letter goes on. "I tried almost everything, but nothing did any good. Then I got a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets and took one after every meal. I have never had a pain since. I can eat anything now and have gained 6 lbs. in weight."

Whether your stomach trouble is old or new, severe or slight, waste no time in getting this splendid remedy. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is swift, sure and absolutely safe. It doesn't just "kill" pain. It gets right down and removes the cause in a perfectly natural way! Inflamed stomach walls are soothed, excess acid banished, noxious gases expelled. Your stomach is made clean and fresh. Soon it is working normally again.

But—do not accept an inferior substitute. Ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is genuine only if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; or handy pocket tins of Tablets at 9d. Never sold loose.

THE BEST OF ALL New Year Resolutions

"I will grow taller in 1938!"—

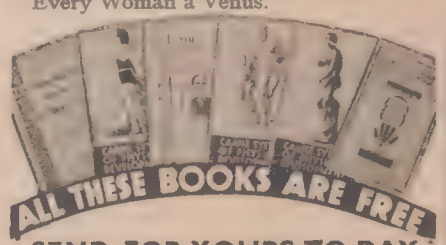
Percival Carne will show me how to do it.

Many "Passing Show" readers have increased their height and greatly improved their health and physique by adopting the Percival Carne method which is the result of 30 years' experience.

You can do the same yourself, for what Percival Carne has done for others, he can do for you.

SEND THE SPECIAL FORM BELOW FOR HIS FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS. These FREE Books are finely illustrated and are full of information of the utmost importance to everyone who is interested in the creation and maintenance of fitness and health.

There is a special one for ladies entitled, "Every Woman a Venus."



SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY

To PERCIVAL CARNE,
"ARLINGTON," RHIWBINA,
CARDIFF, S.W.

I would like to know how to increase my height and improve my health and physique. Please send me your Free Books on the subject.

NAME .....
(Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

I enclose 2d. in stamps for postage.
"*Passing Show.*" 1/1/38.

It was empty, save for one tipsy guest who sprawled unseeingly in his chair. The dim light was reflected in the gaily-coloured bottles. The stranger settled himself on a stool beside Anita. She was alert and tense, as she'd never been in her life before, since never before had anything so important happened to her.

"Now tell me where it was we met?" he said.

Her absorbed gaze moved from his dress coat to his face, his hair. "You passed in the train, and I was standing at the window in the station and saw you," she answered obediently.

"Right. And I've been racking my brains, trying to remember the name of the station."

"Thaya."

"Thaya—of course. You were standing at the window, with your hands folded, weren't you? Didn't you have your hands folded?"

"Maybe. I don't know——"

"And I thought—well, never mind what I thought——"

"No—tell me—what did you think?"

"I thought, what a pity."

"Yes."

"How did you happen to be at that station?"

"I was the stationmaster's wife."

"Ah! and then you were divorced, came to Vienna, and launched your career."

Anita wasn't listening. Aghast, she had heard what her own voice was saying: "*Was*—I *was* the stationmaster's wife."

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"No what?" asked Keith, smiling.

"It was all quite different," she said.

He nodded to her as she reached eagerly for the glass and drank the sweet, moon-blue liquid. "We'll have lots to tell each other," he said, and drank too.

"Yes," she said gratefully.

He took her into his arms as though she were something fragile. "Shall we dance?" he asked.

"Do you feel it too?" he asked, when the dance was over. Anita tightened her lips and made no answer. "The enchantment," he said. "The anticipation, which is so much better than fulfilment. What do they call you?" he asked suddenly.

"You give me a name," said Anita. "Heavens," she thought, "that's not me talking.

"Tabe," he said.

"What does it mean?" she asked. She could feel herself glowing in a blue radiance, like the drink he had given her.

"It's Malayan," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I've been around a lot."

"Yes," thought Anita. "That's it. You're the man who's always passing through. I'm the woman who's always standing in the station, looking after the train. With her hands folded."

"Let's go out on the terrace," he said. Suddenly Anita noticed that she'd drawn off one glove and that he was holding her hand to his face. She could hear her voice crying out.

"Pardon," he said, and released her. "Only loafers and good-for-nothings like myself have smooth hands."

"You're making fun of me," said Anita. It was cold and clear on the terrace. Late though it was, an electric display sign still blazed over one of the roofs. "I'll never get back home again," thought Anita, in a moment's panic. Never again. Never. The man took her into his arms, bent her head back slowly, and kissed her. There were stars overhead, wheeling.

"Listen," he said. "I don't want to get into a brawl with your watchdogs up there. Where can we meet later?"

Anita was drifting away, as though lifted on swelling waves that bore her farther and farther out to sea. "I'll go with you," she said breathlessly.

"No. That wouldn't do. I'll meet you later. Where do you live?"

Anita stared at him helplessly. "Nowhere," she thought. She said: "At the Grand Hotel."

"Good. I'll go ahead and meet you there. What's your room number?"

"589," she said quickly. It was the number on the last car of the train she had missed.

"Tabe," he said. "Tabe." He returned her bag and glove, straightened his coat, and escorted her to the gambling rooms.

"I must say good night," he said courteously. "Forgive me for kidnapping Madame, but we are old friends." Herr Osten bowed stiffly. The rich old man shook Keith's hand.

Continuing One Night Out

Anita gazed at them wonderingly, when Keith had gone. She had left her new acquaintances as far behind as the station at Thaya. They were all talking at once. Finally, she grasped the fact that she had won 4,000 shillings. She was disappointed—it wasn't enough. The men cashed the chips at the desk, and the old man pressed the notes into her hand. They felt like greasy velvet. "Thank you," she said absently. Keith was going farther and farther away. She had found him, she had danced with him once, she had kissed him once. She would never see him again. Suddenly everything seemed under water, greenish and far away. "I must go," she said quickly, "I'm dizzy."

"Steady—steady," said Herr Osten, supporting her.

"She's drunk," said the artist.

"I'll take her home," said the old man.

"Put her into a taxi and send her home," said the man who had warned her against the others.

"Just leave it to me," said Herr Osten.

"Have a good time," said one.

"After all, she's a married woman," said Herr Osten.

Someone placed the precious velvet cape round her shoulders. Someone led her out to the street, and then she was in the car again.

"Grand Hotel," said Herr Osten to his chauffeur. "Good night," said Herr Osten at the door of the hotel. "Will you 'phone me to-morrow?"

"Thank you," said Anita, "but I'm going back on the morning train."

"Well—I'll see you in Thaya then. It's been a delightful evening, up to the end," said Herr Osten.

Anita passed through the revolving doors into the hotel. The lobby was almost deserted, not so bright as it had been earlier in the evening. "What now?" thought Anita. She knew that she couldn't go back. "Everything's different now," she thought. The big clock in the lobby said five past two. "Absurd," thought Anita. She'd lived decades since midnight. Herr Ammer was sleeping now, with the windows closed. She felt a wild, gnawing, intolerable ache to see Keith again. "I should have told him the truth," she thought.

She went to the cloakroom where, earlier that evening, she had checked the cardboard box, containing her belongings. A sleepy woman in black gave her the package. When Anita opened her silver bag for a tip, she felt something hard among the thousand-shilling notes she had crammed into it. She took it out—a small object wrapped in tissue paper. She tore off the paper, and stood there with a pearl necklace in her hand. Mechanically her hand went to her bare throat. "I don't understand," she thought. Feeling the attendant's eyes on her, she threw her a quick smile and withdrew.

In the lobby stood Keith.

She moved swiftly towards him amid the dizzying drumbeats of her heart. She was still holding the pearls in her hand. "I don't live here," she said abruptly.

"I know," he said, "but I do."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her voice suffocated.

"I've registered here, with my wife," he said. "You must look insolent, and go quietly to the lift with me. Thank you," he said to the clerk, "my wife has just come." He took the cardboard box from her, and gave it to a bellboy. Anita perceived to her terror that she was walking beside him, entering the lift with him. The lift stopped. They walked along a corridor, turned a corner, the boy opened a door and switched the lights on.

"Have some fruit and mineral water sent up," said Keith. The door closed. Keith opened the windows. "There's a balcony outside the bedroom," he said, and he sounded preoccupied. He approached Anita. She felt herself trembling. She was like a glass, breaking under too much heat. He looked at her with a strange expression, almost compassionate, as he drew her towards him.

"I love you," she whispered.

"You don't even know me," he whispered back. Not until then did he take her cape off. The waiter knocked and brought in the fruit.

"Thank you, Count," he said, when he saw his tip. Keith drank a tall glassful of water.

Anita said: "Someone put a pearl necklace into my bag. I don't understand." Keith smiled intimately, and with the same compassion as before.

"Was it *you*?" she asked quickly. He stepped behind her, and his arms encircled her shoulders.

"We won't talk about it to-night," he said. His hand moved lightly, caressingly over her hair. "I'm glad I found you, Tabe," he said gently. He took the bag from her hand, and laid it on the table. "You're tired," he said.

She sighed as though in her sleep. "I've been up a long time," she said.

"Thank you for coming with me," he said. "You're a brave little soul."

She thought: "I'll do anything you want me to."

"I thought at first you were an adventuress. But you're really the stationmaster's wife, aren't you, who stands at the window and watches the trains go by."

They were still standing in the centre of the room. "I don't know," she said.

"There are times when one might ask nothing better—so peaceful—so protected—hidden away——" he said. He went quickly to the window, looked out and returned. "I'm sorry to have dragged you into this," he said softly.

"Oh, I'm happy. This is what I've been waiting for," whispered Anita.

Suddenly his face changed, he turned white, his lips curled back from his teeth like an animal's. A single bound, and he had vanished into the bedroom. At the same moment the door opened, and three men stood there, revolvers drawn. Anita stared at them, paralysed. "I'm dreaming," she thought. "The alarm clock'll go off in a minute, and I'll be at home."

A man took up his post beside her, his revolver at her breast. "Don't move," he said with complete calm. From the bedroom came a sound of breaking glass, and a shot rang out. The two men returned, Keith held fast between them. One was wiping a bit of blackish blood from his cheek.

"This shooting'll cost you plenty," he raged. Keith was so white—like a glowing electric bulb. His face gleamed with sweat. So white. So alien. So familiar.

by Vicki Baum

"The girl doesn't belong to me," he said.

"That remains to be seen," muttered the man who was guarding her.

The second man glanced about the room, made straight for the table, and picked up the bag. He took out the four thousand-shilling notes and the pearl necklace. "Good," he said, and seemed a little pleased. He discovered the cardboard box and tore it open.

"That's my old dress," whispered Anita, all but fainting. The man threw her a rapid glance, and merely grunted. Her hat with the red feather rolled to the floor.

"Come along—and no monkey business," said the first man.

"Listen, Weber," said Keith hurriedly. "Don't drag the girl into this. She had nothing to do with it. I smuggled the pearls into her bag, because things got hot at the club. She didn't know she was retrieving the pearls to the hotel for me. I was going to climb down the façade while she was asleep. Her four thousand would have taken me across the border. You outsmarted me this time."

"I see. You just picked up the girl to bring you the pearls. Expect me to be dumb enough to believe that?"

"I told her all kinds of lies—I turned her head. She'd have done anything I asked her," said Keith.

Anita was shivering. Her teeth chattered. She yearned for the warm kitchen in Thaya. "Karl," she thought despairingly, "Karl, come and help me."

"Crazy about the fellow, eh?" asked one of the men good-naturedly, and prodded her gently in the rib with the butt of his revolver. "Might cost the lady a couple of years behind bars."

"I'm glad you know what a swine I am," Anita heard the voice speaking that she had loved. Wedged in among the men, they were passing through the hotel corridor. Keith's wrists were handcuffed, his dress clothes suddenly wilted.

Glaring lights, voices, questions. You say you're the wife of Stationmaster Karl Ammer? You say you met the thief, Anton Band, for the first time to-night, and knew nothing of his criminal record? Then how did you happen to pass yourself off as his wife at the hotel, and go to his room with him? Do you take it as a matter of course when a man sticks a 60,000-shilling pearl necklace into your bag?

Anita sits there, blind-eyed, a roaring in her ears. It's four in the morning, she hasn't slept for twenty-four hours. This is too much for her—all she's lived through in the hours just past—this is enough to last her a whole long lifetime.

She struggles with the man in charge of the hearing. She begs him not to 'phone to Thaya, not to let her husband know. That makes him still more suspicious. From her old bag in the cardboard box she finally produces Herr Osten's visiting card. They phone Herr Osten. He arrives post-haste, his tie askew, furious, yet flattered that anything so interesting should have happened to him. Anita's innocence emerges gradually from the confusion. The police officers begin to smirk. The lady wanted to go on a real jag, they say. They warn her. She has paid dearly for her experience. They confiscate her winnings, because gambling is forbidden. Grinning, they agree to leave the stationmaster in ignorance of the affair.

The man they call Weber enters and whispers something to his chief. The latter rises in dismay and dons his uniform coat. The examination has been conducted in shirtsleeves, under hot, glaring lights. "He's poisoned himself," he says. "He always did have courage." Anita shivers, while drops of perspiration run down her temples. "Good," she thinks. "That's better. Very, very good."

"You can take a look at him if you like," says another of the officers. He eyes her searchingly, as though he would like to know what's going on inside her.

"Thank you," she whispered. Her throat is dry. They lead her through a corridor. "I'd like to put on my old dress first," whispers Anita. Under the supervision of a dark, severe-looking woman, in a room with bars, she frees herself of the blue dress. It's as though she were changing back into herself. The armholes pinch her, the wool scratches a little, the suit is too tight and too short. She takes the feather from her hat. She is frightened.

She stands at the dead man's side and looks down into the bluish face twisted mockingly. As she stands there, gazing at him, he grows more and more alien. It's not true that he passed through Thaya in the train. He may have lived among the Malays—that sounds more likely.

"May I go now?" she asks Herr Weber. Herr Weber keeps his head uncovered, till they're out on the street.

"The 64 will get you to the station in time for the 6 o'clock," says Herr Osten, and enters his car.

"You won't mention this to Herr Ammer, will you?" pleads Anita.

"You evidently don't know what it means to be a gentleman," he says, and drives off. The streets are deserted in the half-light of dawn. Milk-wagons. Labourers. Street cleaners. The streets are just as they were yesterday.

The train stands waiting under the glass dome of the South Station. Anita staggers into her seat and is fast asleep before they pull out.

The signal bell rang three times, the train was passing through Katte, the whistle blew, the train entered the tunnel, emerged from the other end. Through the woods, past the papermill, round the curve, and there was the station. Anita stood on the steps, clutching her old handbag, and her husband stood on the platform in his red cap, looking official.

"Good-bye, Frau Ammer," called the engineer from his cab, as she climbed down. The man with the mail sack pushed past her.

"Why didn't you come last night?" asked the stationmaster. He couldn't kiss her because he was on duty.

"Did it rain here? The weather was nice in Vienna," she said. The grape tendrils hung heavy with raindrops and the sunflowers had been weeping.

"How much did she leave you?" asked the stationmaster.

"Three hundred seventy-five. I spent four." She could tell he was disappointed, though he didn't show it.

"I'm glad you're back. I was worried when you didn't come. What happened?"

"Nothing," she said. "I just missed the train."

And she opened the kitchen door and took her apron down from the hook.

OBTAINABLE IN **37** LANGUAGES THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER FROM **2/-** EACH

FREE *Post Now*

SPECIMEN AND CATALOGUE,—

RESOLVE *to Learn a Foreign Language in 1938*

EASILY AND QUICKLY WITH A

MARLBOROUGH'S

SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOK

Each book contains selected Vocabularies and Phrases, classified under subjects, together with the ENGLISH PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION. By speaking the words in accordance with the pronunciation given you become familiar with the SOUND as well as the SIGHT of the printed word.

That is why Marlborough's Self-Taught Phrase Books make languages easy.

Fill in and post this for FREE specimen and catalogue.

Name .....

Address .....

Language desired.....

To E. MARLBOROUGH & Co., Ltd., 51-53, Old Bailey, London, E.C.4

If you do not wish to cut this paper send a postcard mentioning "Passing Show."

To all sufferers from

KIDNEY DISORDERS

IF the urinary system is not functioning correctly, proper elimination of waste products cannot take place, and backache, getting up at night, frequency, burning, smarting and loss of tone may be the result.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for over twenty-five years for urinary troubles, and thousands of sufferers have obtained relief. If you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should regard your kidneys with suspicion, and at once get a bottle of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) tablets. They are sold only by chemists, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

"I still have to get up many times from my bed, but, oh! how thankful I have no pain. I am more than thankful I have found something at last. I will tell anyone who suffers with their bladder, for I know what it is, and I cannot speak too highly of Cystopurin."

— MRS. G. D., MARYPORT, CUMBERLAND.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. P.S.23.

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CYSTOPURIN

(sis-toe-pew-rin)

NOW End
blackheads wrinkles

Red Spots, Veins Puffy Eyes, Lines

SKIN Looks 10 Years Younger

Now, without trouble, you can definitely end the faults that spoil your skin, age your appearance, and ruin your happiness. Kathleen Court, famous Beauty Expert, offers, in her "Facial Youth," a truly amazing skin rejuvenant and charm-creator. Just apply "Facial Youth" and in 2 minutes you look 10 years younger. See how quickly blackheads, coarse pores, ugly stains, freckles, veins, blemishes or wrinkles go—"Facial Youth" puts loveliness into the most neglected skin—instantly! Though not a depilatory, "Facial Youth" ends embarrassment of visible face hairs. This safe, greaseless cosmetic marvel, imported from the South Seas, ends, at a touch, the signs of age, plainness, or dietary errors. A 2-minute test proves its worth. Never fails. You must try Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth." Tubes 1/9, 2/3, Jars 3/-, of most Chemists, including Boots, or send P.O. to Kathleen Court (Eng.), Ltd., Suite TZ, 324 Regent St., London.

Facial Youth Gives *Instant* Beauty

For Stubborn Colds

Melt a spoonful of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in boiling water and inhale the steaming vapours for several minutes. This quickly clears the head of mucus, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, eases the breathing. At bedtime rub Vick on throat, chest, and back. Then it has a double action: (1) through the skin like a poultice and (2) the heat of your body releases the medicated vapours that you breathe in for hours while you sleep. By morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

AGE LIMITS 15-26, EITHER SEX. EXCELLENT COMMENCING PAY. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

FREE GUIDE and GAZETTE

The 1938 Edition of our Civil Service Handbook is now ready for free distribution. Those desiring details of present and future **Vacancies, Age Limits, Salaries, Promotion and Entrance Examinations** to all Branches of the Service (*Taxes, Customs, Post Office, Clerical, Engineering, L.C.C., Municipal, etc.*), are advised to apply for this enlightening Handbook immediately, together with a copy of the current edition of the **Civil Service Vacancy Gazette**—*both copies free.*

B.T.I. (Dept. 117), 356-366 Oxford St., W.1

NAIL BITING

stop it!

Your Nails are the index to your Character

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK! Amazing Discovery, Which Transforms Bitten, Disfigured Nails into Glorious Filberts in 7 Days! Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can quickly, secretly, and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *"Your treatment has completely cured me after being addicted for 20 years."* Write for the free explanatory booklet NOW enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.S.), 31 Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

NEXT WEEK

IN seafaring archives you often come across the story of a sailing vessel found with all sail set, steering gaily across the ocean at her own free will, with never a soul aboard.

Many a skipper, having watched the erratic behaviour of such a ship, has sent a boatload of men to take control of her and been told, eventually, how they found her ship-shape and in sailing trim, with all the boats still in their chocks and not even robbed of their covers.

And sailors have wandered through empty cabins, searching the scrubbed decks for evidence of disease or mutiny and finding nothing but a table set for coffee and probably a fire still burning in the galley.

Captain William Outerson has set about such a mystery as this, intent on showing how easily it could be solved and in the short story "Fire in the Galley Stove" he describes how the decks of the good ship *Unicorn* were cleared by monsters of the sea.

It is a powerful, dramatic story that will keep even a landlubber tense with fear and excitement.

And if that is not enough for your sense of high adventure, read Vincent Brome's piece about those daring souls who decide to "get away from it all" by abandoning civilisation with its h. & c., electric light and all modern conveniences, including gas-proof shelters, for the simple, arduous life of Robinson Crusoe.

It is an eye-opener. For you will see, from what the adventurous have to say, that the simple life has very obvious drawbacks making it not quite worth while.

Anyway, you can decide that for yourself when you read "You'll be Glad to Get Back."

Francis Foster contributes another story about those popular wanderers, Father Francis and Brother Longshanks, who are now pursuing a winter pilgrimage in a caravan.

You'll realise that there is a woman in the story when you know it is called "Trouble Aboard the Caravan." But what a woman!

Lars Moen, Stephen Phillips, David G. Johnston and Walter Brooks contribute the other short stories.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss

UNCLE JOE insists that we should not begin this bright New Year—may all its months be adorned with blossoms!—by dwelling on a subject that as like as not will cause a lot of senseless blood-letting; but despite his pleadings, we feel that we should allow Mr. G. E. Jones, of Pwllheli, North Wales, the honour of starting the year's first dog-fight, for he has been so audacious as to write in favour of Welshmen.

We were inclined to suspect, at first, the urgency with which he explained that he was not a Welshman. It looked as though he might be trying to disassociate himself from any trouble that might follow, but now we fear that it was sheer bravado.

"I am not a Welshman," says he, "although I have lived in Wales since '24, and during all these years I have seen letters from all corners of the world printed on your page. But nary a-one from Wales. This proves, I submit, that it would be difficult to find a more stoical race than the Welsh.

"I have learned to admire their discretion," he continues, without any effort at explaining this discovery. "Your correspondents invariably write to complain about something they think needs rectifying, whether it be rheumatism or European wars. But such things don't bother your true-blue Welshman. He looks them in the eye—(You're telling us!)—and says, for instance: 'Well, Uncle Joe is Uncle Joe, and, as there is nothing we can do about it, we might as well let him lie.' That goes for European wars, too.

"But when there is some hope of rectifying the evil, the Welshman goes straight into action and does something. He doesn't waste time writing to you or any other Aunt Popeye."

To make any comment at this stage would merely be turning an opinion into an international brawl. We can but hang our heads and mourn the Englishman

named Jones who went native and was unashamed.

If by any mischance Mr. Jones should find the climate of Wales a little trying during the next few weeks, he might like to know that foreign travel isn't really as exciting as living west of Offa's Dike. Mr. Frank Woods, of Rugby, says until he met a boyhood friend last week he had been haunted by a desire to seek the romance of foreign parts.

"Since last we met," says Mr. Wood, "he has sailed the seven seas so many times he believes the ocean is something more than water surrounded by trouble. And he tells me that:

"To get to the pyramids you take a noisy tram-car from Cairo.

"In the wilds, North-West Frontier of India, there are traffic signs for motorists.

"Esquimaux have bought camp stools to sit on while waiting for fish to appear in the ice-holes.

"Well," adds Mr. Wood, "I tank I stop home."

For the life of us, we can't see what people expect from travel. If they go places as part of their education and in

search of experience, we don't think they will be handicapped because there are tram-cars, traffic signs and electric lights helping the East to live as comfortably as possible.

You can't expect other people to live miserably just because they would look more romantic if they hadn't taken to tram-cars, trousers, trains and top hats.

And think how much money we nearly made persuading West Africans that they needed two pairs of shorts and a pair of spats instead of the customary half-yard of beads.

Imagine, too, what would happen if we had to go back to chain mail and chilblains to please Americans who thought we looked more romantic in the clothes of King Arthur's armour-plated play-boys.

While we have the great, wide, open spaces out for discussion, we thought you ought to hear Mr. Druiff, of Guildford Place, London, W.C.1, on the subject of an American in Africa. We are not so sure there isn't a moral to the story.

Anyway, the bored American asked the Boer farmer with whom he was staying to supply him with a rifle, a horse and permission to shoot over the range of kopjes within view. Later in the day the American returned empty-handed.

"So you didn't shoot anything?" asked the Boer.

"Sure, I did. I shot two big baboons and twenty-five little 'uns."

"Baboons?" questioned the surprised farmer. "There hasn't been a baboon here in years."

"O.K., Dutchy. Seein's believin'. Follow me." And the American led his host to a wild corner of the land he farmed.

"There you are," he said, pointing to some huddled forms among the rocks.

The Boer farmer dashed forward, crying: "Gott, you have wiped out the entire van de Werve family!" See?

And that's why you have to have a 7s. 6d. game licence before you can go shooting in Wales. But it's worth it!

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

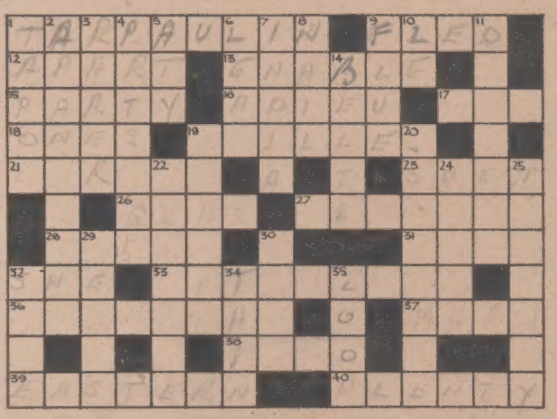
1. Sailor and saint in covering.
9. Decamped in haste.
12. Separated by some measure of distance.
13. Make possible.
15. Lively occasion.
16. Word of parting.
17. Half polar region.
18. Digits.
19. Clever or efficient.
21. Inclined to stray.
23. This for puddings.
26. Harness or tackle.
27. These may rule with rod of iron.
28. Unsuitable or inexpert.
31. Office abbreviation.
32. A female.
33. Hen to peel (anagram).
36. Contained.
37. Take it from Maria.
38. Consider the aeronaut (hidden).
39. Obviously Oriental.
40. Here's abundance.

CLUES DOWN.

1. This is purely personal.
2. Share out.
3. Comparatively uncommon.
4. Foretell in old fashioned language.
5. Stowed away we may say.
6. Means of escape.
7. Populous part of the Empire.
8. Carpenter drives it home.
9. Smoke passage.
10. Partly a leer.
11. Gives instructions.
14. Method of fastening.
19. Duly declared.
20. Flow or means thereof.
22. Sea deity.
24. Not outside.
25. A narrow channel.
29. May have collars.
30. Grant.
32. Gaming implements.
34. Lacking flesh.
35. Possibly encircling something.

P	R	E	T	E	N	D	I	N	G	■	C	H
U	■	R	O	P	E	■	M	O	R	A	L	N
E	M	I	T	■	R	A	P	T	U	R	E	■
C	A	C	H	O	U	S	■	E	N	R	A	G
E	N	S	E	M	B	L	E	■	T	E	N	O
R	S	■	D	■	R	E	B	E	L	S	■	S
E	N	T	■	E	M	U	■	N	E	E	D	■
S	T	R	E	A	M	■	N	O	■	S	E	R
P	E	N	T	■	I	■	T	R	I	A	D	■
R	O	A	S	T	I	N	G	■	S	T	Y	■
D	R	A	I	N	■	A	■	L	E	S	S	E
R	■	D	E	E	P	E	N	E	D	■	■	■

Solution to last week's puzzle



B 222 | 576

Published by ODHAMS PRESS, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Printed in Great Britain by the SUN ENGRAVING CO., LTD., London and Watford. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the New York Post Office. Agents for the Colonies: For Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; for Canada, Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd.

A86

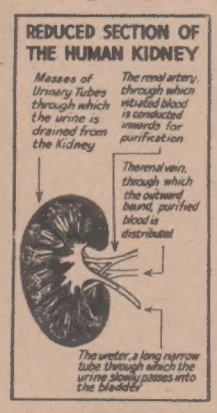
P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 1-1-38

KIDNEY TROUBLES *ENDED!*

'ADRAX' the amazing new discovery gives *immediate relief & removes causes*

If you suffer from PAINFUL URINATION, URIC ACID, DEPRESSION, CYSTITIS, BACKACHE, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, NERVOUSNESS, DISTURBED SLEEP, RHEUMATISM OR SWOLLEN ANKLES, then your kidneys are not filtering off the impurities from the system, and ill-health will follow. When the bowels are clogged a purge is taken as a matter of course, but neglect of the kidneys is far more serious in its terrible effect on the constitution.

End your troubles to-day and enjoy Good Health



The Adrax Treatment controls Kidney Troubles and Backache in accordance with the very latest principles of medical science and is the result of prolonged research in the laboratory and the most stringent clinical tests. These researches show that one medicine only could not give the desired results. Therefore, a new technique was developed by which different medicines are taken at different times in accordance with an arranged schedule. Hence the necessity for two entirely different tablets—one white and one brown. These tablets contain widely different medicaments of proved efficacy, each serving a separate purpose in promoting the return to health of the kidneys.

So certain is Adrax in its purifying action on the kidneys that there is a money-back guarantee if it fails to restore normal urination, leading to perfect health in a few weeks.

ADRAX

BRAND

TREATMENT for the KIDNEYS & BLADDER

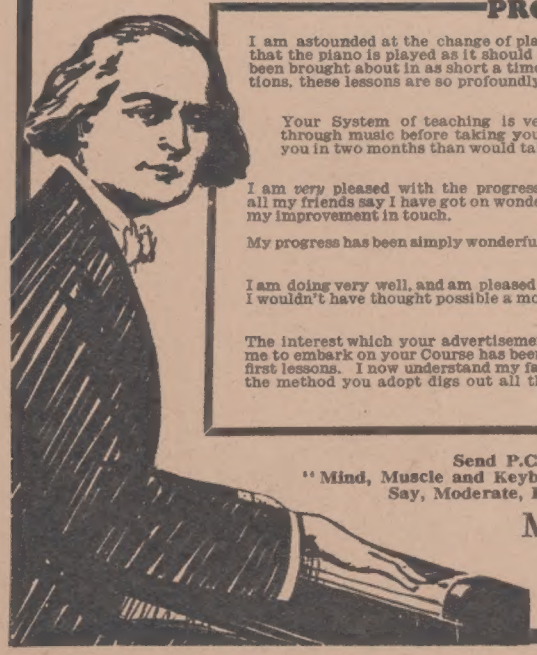
Adrax Brand Tablets are obtainable at all chemists, 3/- per box, or direct from W. B. Cartwright, Ltd., Laboratories, Rawdon, Leeds.

(No proprietary rights are claimed in manufacture)

Can YOU Play The Piano?

If you are a music lover why have you not acquired this enjoyable accomplishment and great social asset? Doubtless because the prospect of practice ! practice ! practice ! has dismayed and discouraged you. **I am enrolling 50-100 adult pupils every week, have taught over 48,000 during 33 years,** by post by simple methods without mechanical practice, **AND I CAN TEACH YOU.** If a Beginner you quickly learn from **Ordinary Music,** no freakish methods, to play easily, **Dances, Songs, Hymns and Gems from the great masters.** If already a player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be **positively and literally transformed !** BY POST, crystal-clear Musicianly Training a child could follow. A teacher by your side **always**—not for **merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall !**

I would emphasise that I personally teach every pupil I enrol. This is the secret of my success. No student is relegated to a deputy teacher. My class seldom falls below 2,000 pupils. Teaching these is my sole occupation, my life's work, I have no time for any other. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises, and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged.



PROOF

I am astounded at the change of playing in touch and tone. I now think that the piano is played as it should be, and to think that this change has been brought about in as short a time as 3 weeks is amazing. As for questions, these lessons are so profoundly simple a child could understand them
G.L. B48100. Age 16.

Your System of teaching is very interesting. I used to scramble through music before taking your Course. One can learn more from you in two months than would take six, from the average teachers.
R.C.C. A48139. Age 32.

I am *very* pleased with the progress I have made under your tuition—all my friends say I have got on wonderfully. I am more than pleased with my improvement in touch.
L.B. A48646. Age 61.

My progress has been simply wonderful. I have surprised all my friends.
F.A. A48326. Age 47.

I am doing very well, and am pleased with your method of teaching, which I wouldn't have thought possible a month ago.
R.A.P. B48141. Age 22.

The interest which your advertisement aroused in me and which prompted me to embark on your Course has been more than doubled on receiving the first lessons. I now understand my faults better. I like the way in which the method you adopt digs out all the bad habits.
C.E.T. B48122. Age 25.

Send P.C. for free booklet "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and form for free advice. Say, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER
(Dept. 466)
69, FLEET STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

MAXALDING'S OFFER TO THE GOVERNMENT

A POUND OF PROOF BEATS A TON OF TALK

Ever since the inception of Maxalding in the year 1909, I have continually stated in the Press that I am prepared to prove that Maxalding is a perfect method for establishing and maintaining mental and physical health and full natural growth and physical development.

THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION

is from an unretouched photograph of my son Courtlandt Woollaston, professionally known as C. Saldo; and was taken on December 4, 1937. As he is six feet in height, it will be agreed that his physique is good. Please read his frank offer printed below, made in the interest of public welfare.

HERE IS HIS OFFER

which, if accepted by the Ministry of Health, will find him ready to keep his word, and also to offer his services to the country when his scheme is approved.

"I, Courtlandt Woollaston, am willing to place myself under Government and medical supervision for a period of three months, during which time I will not indulge in any sport, use any apparatus, take any artificially prepared foods, medicines or drugs; but will maintain perfect health and good physical condition, while continuing my clerical work. If necessary for the test, I will endeavour to increase my measurements with the exception of the waist. I will only take two simple meals of natural food daily, and use Maxalding exercises without apparatus of any kind."

THE FOLLOWING EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENT,

is guaranteed true in every respect and detail, under forfeit of £50 to this paper.

A Gentleman, a French Polisher by occupation, aged 30, took up Maxalding in April, 1937. He wrote before enrolling :—

". . . I am troubled with a violent cough, which starts every winter—the cough is combined with a bad chest which the doctor tells me is bronchitis —the cough is so violent that it at times throws up the contents of my stomach." On the Consultation Form he stated that he was 6 feet in height and 11 stone in weight, and that he suffered from varicose veins in the legs.

HE REPORTED AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE COURSE:—

"November 14th, 1937. Please find enclosed the balance of my fee.—I understand that you wish for particulars of the result of the course. The most important thing to me is that it has cured my chest complaint and the cough I had had for such a long time. Apart from that it has increased my weight from 11st. to 12 st. 6 lbs. Also the varicose veins have practically disappeared and I feel better physically in every way. I shall shortly send you a photograph of myself and you will be better able to judge how well-developed I am through the course. In conclusion I wish to thank you for the attention you have shown towards me."

MAXALDING IS FULLY DESCRIBED IN "NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH"

a 20,000-words illustrated publication, published at 1/- net. But one copy will be sent to any interested inquirer, living in any part of the world,

GRATIS AND FREE OF ANY OBLIGATION—

Kindly use the coupon or send a letter giving details of your present condition of health and desires in the way of improvement, and mention your

NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND OCCUPATION—

I will then send you a copy of the treatise together with a personal letter dealing with your case.
A. M. SALDO.

NOTE.—If the coupon is used, please DELETE the unnecessary items.

FREE COUPON ● VALUE 1/- ● FOLD AND TEAR OFF HERE

1.—I suffer from and desire to be cured of Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Nervous Debility, Lung Weakness, Liver Sluggishness, Fatigue, Stomach Weakness, Lumbago, Obesity, Susceptibility to Colds, Lack of Self-Confidence, Dizziness when Stooping, Lack of Physical Development.
2.—I desire to secure great nervous energy.
3.—I desire to secure great speed, endurance, and strength.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
Occupation.....
Age.....

MAXALDING
(Dept. 147),
14, CURSITOR ST.,
LONDON,
E.C.4.

Why not Look & Feel Your Best for 1938

NOW'S the time to start with Bile Beans if you want to look and feel better in the year ahead. For Bile Beans give you that 'inner health' which is reflected in outer beauty; a lovely complexion, sparkling eyes and radiant health.

These fine vegetable pills act in nature's way—they help you to digest rich winter foods, purify the blood and daily cleanse the system of all impurities and waste.

So start with Bile Beans to-night—one or two at bedtime—and make sure of looking and feeling your best in 1938.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Although I am thirty, nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one. Even my doctor expressed surprise at my youthful appearance."—Miss I. L., Coventry.

* * * *

"A friend whom I had not met for years told me I looked younger than ever. My health is splendid, and I can walk miles without fatigue. When people ask me what I take to keep so slim and well, I just tell them Bile Beans every night."—Mrs. E. H., Manchester.

* * *

"A nurse recommended me to take Bile Beans and as a result I found myself getting better every day. I now feel years younger, that morning tiredness has gone and I get up bright and happy. I enjoy perfect health, and friends envy my lovely complexion."—Miss L. N., London, S.W.11.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS